THE
ENGLISH
REVIEW

AUGUST, 1932

INDIAN CONSTITUTIONAL DEVELOPMENT

Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, K.B.E., M.P.

THE TAINT: A SHORT STORY

Raymond Bantock

EXTRACTS FROM SAMUEL BUTLER'S NOTEBOOKS

(CONCLUDED)

A PARODY: W-LL--M G-RH-RD-

Hugh Kingsmill

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by Herbert Agar

Reviews by :—H. W. NEVINSON; R. H. MOTTRAM; OSBERT BURDETT; RICHARD CHURCH; SIR CHARLES PETRIE

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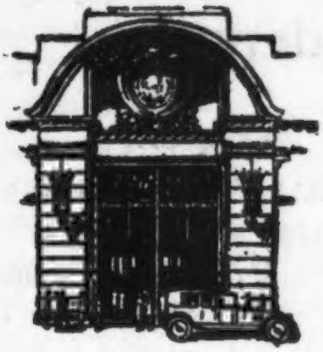

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Correspondence

The Problem of Weapons

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—With reference to Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's article "Aggression and the Problem of Weapons," which appeared in the July number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, though I do not consider it appropriate to reopen this subject, seeing that the Government has now issued its policy, might I, however, point out an error? Captain Liddell Hart writes on page 74: "General Fuller . . . declares that it is not practical to suggest that such open frontiers as the German-Polish or Polish-Russian could be adequately protected if heavy artillery and heavy tanks were abolished." What I wrote (*see* page 605 of your June number) was: "For example, it is not practical to suggest the close defence of the German-Polish or Polish-Russian frontiers." Incidentally, I never mentioned "heavy tanks" in my article.

I am, etc.,
J. F. C. FULLER, Maj.-Gen.

The Indian Civil Service

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Who, one wonders, are the many competent observers referred to by your critic, Mr. Francis Toye, in his review of "Sir George Macaulay Trevelyan. A Memoir, by George Macaulay Trevelyan," in the May issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, who trace the deterioration of our rule in India to the lowering of the social quality in the Indian Civil Service, which, it is alleged, can be ascribed to the change from nomination to admission by competitive examination. At the time this change was made there was much indignation and the "Competition-Wallah" was heavily decried, but in that conservative era every change caused sustained protest. In the Army, some years later, when entrance by examination replaced the system of purchasing commissions, the Diehards again waxed furious. Loud and bitter rang the cry that the Service was going to the dogs. From a recollection of the I.C.S. in the 90's, the almost universal opinion prevalent at that time was that its members represented the cream of England, drawn from the pick of the older universities.

Their hospitality was as open as their pride and efficiency were high. Perhaps certain weaker members let it be manifest they suffered from a superiority complex, but the larger majority had the poise, the charm of manner commonly associated with the English gentleman.

By then the last of the pre-"Competition-Wallahs" had disappeared, but far from any deterioration in our rule or any decline in our prestige having set in, the very opposite had happened. For our prestige was then at its peak, whilst the achievements and the high tradition of the I.C.S. were a source of admiration not unmixed with envy, to every competent and unbiassed foreign observer who visited India and studied Indian conditions. Moreover, the social quality of these Civil Servants did not lose by a comparison with the Joe Sedleys of the previous régime, not a few of whom were foist into the Honourable East India Company's service by wirepulling, and who, as often as not, appear to have been sent to the East on account of their penury or because they were misfits for whom their influential relatives could find no occupation at home.

When your critic makes his next excursion into Indian affairs and seeks the root causes of the falling off in the efficiency of our governance of that country, he can, with safety, ignore the Indian Civil Service. If he cares to accept a hint, let him seek his clues nearer home, preferably in the S.W. postal district. If a power house is undermined by higher authority it is obviously unjust to blame those in charge of its maintenance when the output falls off. On the contrary, our admiration is due to a staff who, despite the ground being cut from under their feet, have stuck to their posts, adopting one expedient after another to keep the machinery running somehow.

Instead of ungenerous criticism let us rather stand, hat in hand, before a great tradition.

I am, etc.,

"A SOLDIER."

THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

26th Year of Publication

Edited by DOUGLAS JERROLD

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EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE (PUBLISHERS) LIMITED

6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

AUGUST 1932

Current Comments

TO say that the Government has rendered itself ridiculous over the results of the Lausanne Conference would be an under-statement of fact. This in itself is bad enough, but when in addition it is discovered that a blundering attempt was made to conceal what had really been effected there, the matter becomes more serious. In short, the Prime Minister returned from Lausanne, and claimed to have brought home Peace with Honour; before a week was out two speeches in the House of Commons, by Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George respectively, tore the halo from Mr. MacDonald's head, and proved that his "settlement" had neither contributed much to the cause of peace, nor been particularly distinguished by idealistic disinterestedness.

It was generally understood that the British delegation went to Lausanne with a "clean slate" policy in respect of debts and reparations. If it did, it soon abandoned all pretence of having any policy at all, and proceeded to trim its sails to every wind that blew. First, Chancellor von Papen said that debts did not interest him, so the attempt to link them up with reparations had to be abandoned. Then, M. Herriot declared that he could not sign a final settlement with Germany until the intentions of the United States were made known, and this, of course, meant that any agreement at Lausanne must be provisional, which most people had realized from the beginning.

In these circumstances the only way to secure anything in the nature of finality would have been for the European Powers to have come to a definite and public understanding among themselves, and then to have

presented a common front to the United States. France and Italy would almost certainly have agreed to this.

The Lausanne Understandings.

WHETHER Mr. MacDonald was right or wrong in refusing to take this course is, of course, a matter of opinion. It is not, however, arguable that the course ultimately adopted was right. To evolve a series of understandings which, while calculated to settle nothing, should give the impression that the problem of reparations had been solved at last was the new diplomacy at its very worst. The gentleman's agreement that no immediate action should be taken in respect of these understandings, and the further arrangement between Great Britain and France which was found to be capable of different interpretation in London and Paris, were merely discreditable appendages to a futile formula.

The apparent decision on reparations was that Germany was to provide bonds to the value of £150,000,000, but that these were not to be issued earlier than three years hence at 90, bearing 5 per cent. interest, with a sinking fund of 1 per cent. Subsequent revelations, however, have proved that the position really is that none of the creditor nations will ratify until everyone has ratified, that none of them will ratify until they have made a satisfactory settlement with Washington, and that we will not conclude any settlement with the United States until the French, and presumably the Italians, have made one that is satisfactory to them.

It is a moot point whether all this is better than no agreement at all, but it is certainly not, as the Prime Minister claims, an arrangement that "has put a new page in the history of the world," nor, to quote the popular press, will "generations of schoolboys remember July 9, 1932, as a day that will bulk large in their history books." In all the shoddy record of post-war diplomacy there has been nothing quite so shoddy as the attempt to prove that the Lausanne Conference was an unqualified success.

A Lesson from the Past.

IF the statesmen of Europe should still feel inclined to pat themselves on the back for their activities at Lausanne, they would be well advised to compare their achievements with those of their predecessors at the close of the previous great war.

The Treaty of Paris, which brought to an end a conflict that had lasted for twenty-three years, was signed on November 20, 1815, and it stipulated that France should pay an indemnity of £61,400,000, and should further contribute for five years an annual sum of £10,000,000 for the upkeep of the army of occupation; by the end of 1818 the indemnity had been paid in full, the occupation was a thing of the past, and the war was a memory. The Treaty of Versailles, which terminated a war of only four years and three months, was signed on June 28, 1919, and in it the sum to be paid by Germany was left blank (it was fixed two years afterwards at the impossible figure of £6,600,000,000); now, thirteen years later, a provisional settlement has been reached, and even that is dependent upon the goodwill of Herr Hitler, and whoever is elected President of the United States in the autumn.

So much for the advantages of "open" diplomacy.

The Ottawa Conference.

MANY will think that the Ottawa Conference is the most important event on the political map to-day. As we write, Mr. Bennett has only shown his hand, but we know that goodwill will not go far enough in the absence of a clear-cut policy on the part of the Home Government. The issue is simple, though only people who are themselves simple are unaware of the difficulties in reaching a wise decision. This country can offer effective preferences (whether operated by means of a tariff or otherwise is immaterial) to the Dominions for their agricultural produce. The Dominions can in return offer effective preferences to certain of our manufactures.

We can go further and offer effective preferences to Dominion manufactures in certain colonies and protectorates. The technical difficulties in the way are many and the detailed negotiations would be complicated and prolonged. But there is no insuperable obstacle here. The obstacle lies in our trade relations with other countries, notably with the Argentine and Denmark, and in our lack of a defined economic and agricultural policy for our own internal development.

Agriculture and the Export Trade.

AT present we are still thinking in a maze of contradictory catchwords. Half our economists are still thinking in terms of our export trade and half our politicians in terms of the old Free Trade economics. Meanwhile the Protectionists are still labouring under the delusion which wrecked the old Protectionist campaign. This delusion is that you can combine cheap food, high nominal wages, and high prices and closed markets for British manufactures. The plain alternatives between which we have to decide are—

(*a*) a land of cheap food, low nominal wages and low-priced manufactured goods, which can recapture the export markets, and

(*b*) a land, largely self-supporting except for wheat, with a high internal price level, high wages and a limited export trade, the channels of which will be largely if not wholly determined by reciprocal agreements with the countries with whom we choose to contract for the supply of such foodstuffs and raw materials as we cannot produce ourselves.

The Choice Before Us.

WE have so often set forth what we believe to be the case for the second of these alternatives that it would be wearisome to do so again. Our purpose in defining these alternatives is to draw the attention of

our readers to the need for facing a clear issue of policy and making up our mind about it. The one impossible course is to attempt, feebly-forcibly, with an inane pretence at "statesmanship," to get the best of both worlds. The first essential of statesmanship is to realize that of two unsatisfactory alternatives, it is necessary to choose one. It is only the hack politician who imagines that by choosing neither you can secure the merits of both.

Lord Plumer.

LORD PLUMER was a characteristically English figure and Messines a characteristically un-English battle. It was thoroughly prepared, brilliantly executed, and achieved nothing. It was, in fact, the antithesis of that process of "muddling through" which we like to think is characteristic of our race. The fact that Messines, which might in happier circumstances have led to the rolling up of the German right flank, led nowhere was not the fault of Lord Plumer, who never pretended to be other than what he was—a determined commander, a skilful tactician, a disinterested administrator. Few men can show a finer record of able and conscientious service or more richly deserved the honours which fell to him. It is the supreme good fortune of our race to have been able in recent years to produce men capable by their vigorous and painstaking integrity of offsetting and even overcoming the paralysing disabilities of their official superiors. The tragedy is that the achievement of Messines served not as the foundation for a strategic plan equal to the opportunity created but merely as a diversion to cover up the failure of a strategic plan so utterly futile as to go near to losing the war. It is an empty but fascinating speculation to wonder what Marlborough would have done to exploit the victory of Messines—a victory so striking, so complete, and so economical as to be sure of its place in history. But Haig was not a Marlborough.

The Coal Problem.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW has for many months taken a leading part—we might indeed say with truth a pioneer part—in the campaign for coal utilization. We are glad to say that the need for basing our domestic economy once more on our own fuel resources is now generally recognized. Coal utilization to-day stands out as one of the first steps in the programme of reconstruction. By its attitude towards the new policy of coal utilization the present Government will be largely judged because here is a matter in which Government can and must decisively intervene, not to deflect or restrict private enterprise but to restore fair competition between road and rail, and between gas and electricity, and to re-establish the strategic independence of our fleet and its auxiliaries.

"The Times" and Coal.

"THE TIMES" promises to play a leading and probably a decisive part in what will certainly become in the near future a national campaign for coal utilization. In a number of admirable leading articles it has challenged the right of a subsidized road transport industry to bankrupt our railways and devastate our coal fields. The attempt of the oil interests to prove that road transport is not subsidized are of course absurd. If the money received from the petrol duty—which is a revenue duty—was paid to the local authorities to meet the upkeep of the roads, the cost of traffic control (an item always omitted) and the cost of the legal assistance necessary to the road transport industry to keep casualties down even to the present shockingly high level, the taxpayer would have to find tens of millions in new direct or indirect taxes to supply the deficiency in the national Exchequer. There is no distinction at all between the duty on petrol and the duty on beer, tobacco or whisky, yet the whisky distiller does not claim the proceeds of the spirit duties as a subsidy to

his business, nor does the Imperial Tobacco Company claim that its premises should be free of rates. *The Times* has performed a national service in giving publicity to a number of admirable letters making these and kindred points admirably clear.

Coal Utilization and Modern Science.

IT is desirable to make it clear that advocates of coal utilization have no intention of returning to old-fashioned methods. The great iniquity of the oil ramp has been the paralysing influence it has exerted on scientific progress in coal utilization. The expenditure necessary to insure, for instance, the proper cleaning and grading of coal has been impossible to a bankrupt industry, continuously interfered with by the State and subject to subsidized competition. Again, outside influences have denied to the engineering profession the chance of showing how far scientific progress has to-day removed the old objections to coal-driven ships. The Cunard experiment, which is only the first of many, has already shown that colloidal fuel used with oil is actually superior to oil, as well as being substantially cheaper. It is quite unnecessary to assume that it is not practicable to secure as good results without having any recourse at all to oil.

Two Foolish Arguments.

THE most common argument against coal utilization is that "we cannot go back." The second most common argument is that "everyone else is using oil." The answer to this, of course, is that many countries use oil for the same reason as that for which we are going to revert to coal, because they have their own oil and have not got coal. Other countries which have neither coal nor oil, will be guided by still other considerations. With us it is first and foremost a question of national economy. Are we to develop and live comfortably on our own power resources, or are we to starve on imported

fuel? As for "going back," it is true that the great vice of democracies is their reluctance to do so. They habitually advertise change as progress and when, as often, the change is for the worse, they attribute the resulting chaos to world causes. The truth about oil is that it has certain great advantages as a fuel for ships and practically none for the transport of goods by land. Its advantages for shipping do not, however, outweigh its disadvantages to a country which has to support its coal miners even if it can't sell its coal, which has to be able to feed itself in time of war, and which has to economize on its fuel bill. Neither the navy nor its auxiliaries would ever have been allowed to become oil-burning but for the belief that one day we should be able to get oil from coal. If and when that day comes we shall doubtless return to oil. Meanwhile we must go back to coal.

Road Transport.

ROAD transport is a different matter altogether. This is a case of subsidy on the one hand and a very considerable degree of inefficiency on the other. If they had to pay for the roads they use and the police they employ, there are very few road traffic undertakings which could remain in operation, and none of them could do so at anything approaching present prices. On the other hand, it is impossible to defend the methods of the railway companies which provide the strongest possible argument for competition. The efforts made by the railways to deter passengers from travelling are systematic and effective. You can get a week-end ticket from Saturday to Monday but not from Sunday to Monday or Tuesday. If you go to the North of Scotland at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening you cannot get week-end rates, but if you book to the first stopping place after midnight, and then get out and book again, you save a substantial sum. If you live at certain South Coast towns you get a cheap day train once a week but only by

the slow train. For all this folly there is no shadow of excuse. The railways must either make rail travel cheap enough to create new traffic or must make it dear enough to pay on the present traffic. The present policy of grudgingly departing from the standard rates at odd times and by selected trains sacrifices revenue without adding to the volume of traffic. The railways must study the economics of the postal services and introduce a proper zonal system of fares which is at once simple and attractive. They must also give the same service to industry as do the road transport undertakings.

Conference and Peace.

AS we go to press, news comes of what is in effect a military dictatorship in Berlin and of a dramatic change in the personnel of the Fascist administration in Italy. The causes and the results of these upheavals cannot be clearly determined or foreseen without much more information. They provide, however, a ruthless commentary on the preposterous claim that the Lausanne settlement had inaugurated a new era. The dismissal of the Italian Foreign Minister is, from this point of view, almost more significant than Von Papen's *coup d'état*, for it is apparently directly provoked by the Anglo-French Entente, which has been regarded by Signor Mussolini as a defeat for Signor Grandi's diplomacy. So much for the Lausanne spirit. May we now expect a series of semi-official explanations that the Anglo-French Entente does not really mean what it appears to mean? Or shall we perhaps find that there is yet another agreement (a gentleman's agreement?) which provides that the earlier agreement shall only come into force when a further agreement has been concluded with the Republic of San Marino, the Emperor of Manchuria and the Prince of Monaco?

Reflections after seeing a Modern Musical Comedy.

RECENTLY we have given some space to challenging the contemporary standards in literary criticism.

We have done this not out of any ill-will to the authors of the books in question, who are, indeed, much endamaged among serious readers by the well-meant excesses of their friends among the critics. A nation's cultural level is ultimately determined by its critical standards. What we call a decadent period in a nation's history is a period in which great literature is ranked below second-rate literature, with a corrupting effect on the level of taste, morality and intelligence. The effect is cumulative, and we fear that this effect is already in evidence in this country if the musical comedy stage is any guide. Which it undoubtedly is. It reflects very surely the standard of manners in whatever is the dominant society of the time. In old days this society was leisured, well-mannered, sporting and at least semi-educated. As time wore on this society became more "mixed" and more "free," but the musical comedy hero remained a reasonably presentable type, with more money than brains, no doubt, with a faculty for sowing wild oats with a good deal of unnecessary publicity, but, fundamentally, a decent fellow. He had a certain amount of breeding, a definite, if rather primitive, code of personal honour, and a marked tendency, to put it no higher, to behave and to speak like a gentleman. To-day, the musical comedy hero (English brand) is still a decent fellow, but he has unmistakable signs of going to seed. He no longer affects even the superficial accents of a man of the world, his humour is no longer a wholesome Rabelaisianism, but a suburban snigger, often about extremely unpleasant vices; the idiom of his conversation is the idiom of the shopwalker, while his female *vis-à-vis* has too often the accent and manners of a not particularly coy waitress. The loss of manners is perhaps only a trifle in these days of revolutions, but if the new era which we are always promised is a mannerless era it will not last long. A society without style is a society under sentence of death.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Indian Constitutional Development

By Sir John Wardlaw-Milne, K.B.E., M.P.

WHEN the Second Round Table Conference concluded its labours and many of its members returned home, we entered upon a further stage in the constitutional developments in India which have taken place steadily since the Declaration by His Majesty in 1917. It will be remembered that the Declaration, and the Government of India Act of 1919 which followed it, set up a system of dyarchy which was to be reviewed by a Commission after a period of not more than ten years. It would not, I think, be right to say that dyarchy was a failure, although many hold it to have been an impracticable system. It was, however, a form of government extremely difficult to work successfully. The period since 1919 has been marked by continual breakdowns, but there have been successes to record on the other side of the account. In spite of these difficulties, and of the incongruous character of some of its provisions, dyarchy afforded some measure of training in the art of government, and some means of bringing into touch with the actual control of the governmental machine many who had no previous experience of its working.

The next stage was inaugurated by the appointment of the Simon Commission, and the Report of that body is the most valuable document dealing with the problems that face us and Indians alike, which has ever been published. No student of political conditions can avoid continual reference to the detailed description of the problem there set out, and any statesman will require to study it with care in attempting to lay down or criticize a programme for the future.

With the publication of the Report came the Round Table Conferences which examined the problems afresh, and while it cannot be said that these gatherings were

able to throw any very valuable or new light upon them, leading Indians were able, by this means, to contribute their views and to place before the Government the desires of those whom they represented.

Following the completion of the Second Round Table Conference, the National Government of to-day, in a statement by the Prime Minister, made clear to Parliament and to the world the lines which it was intended to follow for the future. This statement, issued in the form of a White Paper, was approved by Parliament by a considerable majority in December last, although it was clear, from the discussions at the time, that there was no small body of dissentient opinion. Carrying out the programme there laid down, three Commissions were sent to India and have presented Reports to Parliament, dealing respectively with the suggested Franchise, with the relationship between the Indian States and the proposed Federal Government, and with the financial arrangements which would be required in any future scheme.

We have now reached the end of what may be called the "consultative period" and the time when definite action must be taken. The Secretary of State for India, in a recent speech in the House of Commons, laid down clearly the decisions at which the Government has now arrived. These may be briefly summarized as follows :—

Firstly, the continuation of the Ordinances which have been in force for the past few months. These special powers have been necessary to enable the authorities to deal with the outbreaks of murder and communal disturbances in different parts of the country. There is no one who will not regret the necessity for the decision to maintain these measures, but equally none will question it. It is impossible to say, in view of the events of the past few months, that the time has come when the control which these Ordinances alone afford can be abandoned. There is nothing in their existence which threatens the peaceful carrying on of

his daily avocation by the law-abiding citizen, but there is much in them that is necessary to secure for him those conditions of order and good government which he is entitled to expect. None the less, it is much to be hoped that the Government's intention of only using the Ordinances in such districts as it is necessary to apply them, will lead to such a re-establishment of peaceful conditions as will enable them to be withdrawn at an early date.

Secondly, the definite assumption by the British Government of responsibility for imposing a settlement of the communal question. This has been forced upon us by the total inability of the communities themselves to agree. How long, and how earnestly, they have been urged to come to such a decision by agreement among themselves, only those who have been closely acquainted with the movements in Indian affairs in recent years can fully appreciate. In every way it was undesirable that it should have been left to the British Government to impose a settlement, but equally it has become increasingly clear in recent months, and indeed for the last year or two, that it was hopeless to expect the parties themselves to evolve an agreement. No progress can be made until this matter is decided one way or the other, and as the Prime Minister stated quite plainly in December last, the British Government has no intention of allowing the inability of Hindus and Mahommedans to agree, to stop for ever any progress in constitutional development. It had no alternative, therefore, but to undertake to make this decision for those who would not make it for themselves, but there can be little doubt that whatever the Government may do in this connection will meet with little or no approval from either side, and indeed there is likely to be abuse on all hands. Nevertheless, the decision must be made, and perhaps the best proof of the justness of the award will be that it should be found not entirely satisfactory to any party.

Thirdly, the Government has decided that the period of conferences must end and the period of action begin. This decision has been met with resignations from the Consultative Committee in India on the part of certain Liberal leaders, and a general declaration of disagreement, showing in this way a curious example of the difficulty of dealing with Indian opinion. Far from accepting the Government's announcement as a wise move, clearly indicating the definite intentions of the British people to go forward with constitutional reform, it appears that these gentlemen are deeply hurt at the idea that there are not to be further conferences of an apparently unending character. Strange, I say, because perhaps nobody more insistently than these gentlemen themselves, has pressed in the past that we should "cut the cackle and get to the 'osses"! Over and over again they have stated that what India wanted was definite and clear proof of British intention to act, and that the delay which resulted from calling conference after conference and inquiry after inquiry, had led to the belief that the British people were merely temporizing, and had no desire to carry out their declared intentions. It is difficult, in these circumstances, to understand their action, but it will probably be found that the bulk of the thinking people of India do appreciate that the decision of the Government in this respect removes once and for all any suspicion of our bad faith and that, valuable as these inquiries and conferences have been in the past, there is nothing to be gained by any further investigation of the problem by such means.

That the refusal to continue co-operation in India arises from a misunderstanding of the position is possible, and I hope will prove to be the case, for although there is to be no further Round Table Conference, the fourth point set out in the Government programme provides full opportunity for co-operation from Indians themselves in the next stage of the proceedings. It is the Government's intention to set up a Joint Committee of

both Houses of Parliament, presumably in the autumn, to consider the proposals which will then be laid before it. This is a new departure, so far as I know, in Parliamentary procedure, but it appears to be one carrying many advantages. It will enable the Government to have its proposals examined in principle, and indeed to have the guidance of this Parliamentary Committee, before the new Government of India Bill is actually introduced into Parliament. It may be that, as a result of this procedure, the general scheme which the Government has in view and which it hopes to embody in an Act of Parliament will be altered or amended in such a way as to facilitate the passage of the Bill, to hasten its progress and to ensure a large amount of agreement upon its contents. It is further proposed that this Joint Committee should have the assistance of a certain number of Indians sitting with it, who will presumably be able to criticize any evidence produced before the Committee, to offer evidence themselves if necessary, and to elucidate any part of the proposed arrangements for the future which seem obscure or indefinite.

It is indeed strange to many of us that such a very definite programme should meet with any opposition in India, and at first sight it almost leads one to despair of ever enlisting the co-operation of those who claim to speak for and represent Indian views. I do not think, however, that we need take this recently expressed attitude of disapproval too seriously. It may well be due, as I have said, to a misunderstanding which can soon be put right, but if not, and if it is persisted in, apparently without reason, we can only pursue the course which has been promised to India and which was so clearly laid down in the recent declarations.

Such is the position of affairs at the moment. Now let me turn to some consideration of the problems which face us at this next stage. Congress claims to be the mouthpiece of a vast body of Indian opinion, and for

the time being it is immaterial to consider whether indeed their claim is justified or not. All that is necessary, I think, is to say that so far their whole attitude has been one of demanding independence for India, severance from the British Empire, and the handing over of the Government of the country to what, in the end, would prove to be a Hindu oligarchy. With people holding these views, British statesmen have no common ground to build upon. There is no body of responsible opinion in this country, or indeed in the world, which believes for a moment that it would be to the benefit of Indians themselves to hand over her Government in this way, or who contemplate her severance from the British Commonwealth of Nations. So long, therefore, as this is the expressed object of the Congress movement, it must be excluded from consideration and its views ignored.

There is next to be considered a certain body of Indian politicians who claim to be quite independent of Congress, but who look, in reality, to the day when the Hindu majority, by reason of numbers and education, will control the Government. They profess to believe in safeguards for minorities, but are strangely reluctant to go in detail into these matters, ignoring, apparently, the vitally important fact that, taken all together, the minorities actually form a majority of the inhabitants of the country.

The great Mahommedan community, amounting themselves to more than seventy million persons, profoundly distrusts the whole business. They know well what Brahmin control would mean. Their history tells them of the past glories of Islam's rule and their attitude is that, if we have decided to withdraw, let us say so clearly and they will know what to do and how to look after themselves.

The fifty millions of the Depressed Classes have found leaders and are fearful of a future which would throw them back into the hopeless degradation of past

ages. In the many other minorities, such as the Europeans, Sikhs and Anglo-Indians, there is much talk of safeguards, but a want of appreciation of how little these would be worth with the strong arm of the British Government removed.

It is a strange situation, partly arising from the academic vision of a dreamer in the person of the late Mr. Edwin Montagu. To such persons, who may be described politically as old-fashioned Liberals, democracy means the rule of the majority merely measured in numbers, and there are many who cannot understand even yet that such a type of government is entirely foreign to the instincts and traditions of India and impossible in a continent of people of warring ideals, hopelessly divergent and actively opposed religious views, with a long history of internal internecine strife.

The fundamental things to make clear once and for all are :—

(*a*) That India remains permanently, so far as anyone can see ahead to-day, within the British Empire;

(*b*) That we have not now, and never have had, any intention of handing over the Government of India to any body of Indian politicians;

(*c*) That, having very fully discussed the problem in all its bearings, and having secured all the advice available, we proposed to continue to carry out the progressive policy laid down in 1917, by associating with us in the government to an ever-increasing extent the people of India, of all creeds and classes, thus leading to the self-government of India as an equal partner in the Empire;

(*d*) That this will be done by setting up Provincial Governments in the various Provinces in India and at the same time a Federal Government at the centre, on the condition, however, that the federation shall be truly representative of all India—in other words, that in it the Indian States,

which form such a large and important part of the whole, are fully represented.

It should be emphasized that neither in the Provinces nor at the Centre can the mere counting of heads control representation. In the conditions likely to continue in India for long years to come, special representation of communities, of minorities and of special interests of all kinds, will be essential.

The question of safeguards against any form of prejudicial discrimination is, during the early days of the new system, a vitally important one. In the special circumstances of India, it is necessary that every community shall be assured that its rights shall be respected and that no legislation will be enacted aimed directly or indirectly against its special interests. It has been well said that such safeguards are essential for the benefit of India as well as for Europeans and other communities living and trading there There may, and no doubt will, come a time when such arrangements will be unnecessary, but no time limit can possibly be laid down for the termination of the safeguards which must now be enacted, and they must remain until there is general agreement that every section of the numerous communities of India can safely afford to see them pass away.

Lastly, it should be made plain once and for all that whatever form the actual Government may take, every citizen of the Empire in India stands on an exactly equal footing and nothing will be allowed to interfere with the right of each man, irrespective of colour, class or creed, to live, to worship, and to trade as seems best to him.

Parodies : No. 4

By Hugh Kingsmill

I Cross the Rubicon

(From the Memoirs of W-ll--m G-rh-rd-).

AND suddenly, one day, I could no longer conceal it from myself. I was bored. Cæsar was irresistible. The man fascinated me. I could never have enough of him. But I was bored. And the life in Corinth, which while I was experiencing it I had deemed so restricted, now seemed beautiful to me, and in my heart I cursed Cæsar for " divining " my genius, and dragging me all the way to cis-alpine Gaul. And his cultural interests appeared to me as a fake, designed to show that he was a cut above Pompeius and Crassus and all that lot, a philosopher-statesman in the best Greek style. But more even than my boredom there weighed on me the unliquidated problem of my journey expenses. Hitherto I had supposed that a heedless generosity in money matters was a distinguishing quality of the man of action, whom I pictured walking in the realm of the material as on his native shore, proudly and without care. In welcoming me, Cæsar had confirmed this supposition, saying with tender solicitude : " You have had a long journey. You must not be out of pocket over it." To which remark I assented eagerly while qualifying my eagerness with an air of shy modesty, which I hoped would prove acceptable. But fearing such a bagatelle as my journey expenses might slip the memory of the conqueror of Gaul, I prolonged my expressions of gratitude in the expectation that sheer weariness of so paltry a topic must compel Cæsar to summon his purse-bearer, with whose assistance alone, as he would perceive, could the conversation be liberated from the *impasse* of my thanksgiving. But he listened with an absolute, an intimidating, serenity, and, since I could not continue for ever, I stopped. Whereupon he said : " You came direct from Brundisium, I suppose ? " and when I

explained that never having seen Rome I had made a circuit so as to embrace that city, he looked saddened, as if I had failed him, proved unworthy of his trust. And when I added that for a youthful poet like myself I had deemed a visit to Rome would prove enriching, he shook his head and said: "Not enriching."

On the following day, an occasion which I judged appropriate presenting itself, I spoke of the expenses I had incurred through my zeal to see him, at which he bowed his head, as though in courteous assent to an opinion on some abstract question. And it was the same the next day. And the next. *And* the next, *and* the next, *and* the next.

Then my aunt's letter came, and though it was written a month after my departure, yet, because it came direct, shunning Rome, it arrived at Cæsar's quarters but a week later than myself. With little reason to love my aunt, nevertheless I opened the letter eagerly, for it was from Corinth, only to read that Lycia had married Alkamenes. "I do not blame her," the old fool wrote. "Better a faithful pork-pickler than a fickle poet." When I read these words I wept, and rushing out of the camp I ran and ran, till I could run no more. And when, leaning against a low stone wall, I recovered my breath, and began to picture Lycia in the arms of her sausage-selling spouse, my tears flowed again. What had repelled me in her now touched me, and I perceived that she was profound because she was naïve, and that I had been shallow because I had deemed myself profound. But the stones of the wall, which were rough and uneven, hurt my back, so I turned round, and resting my elbows on the wall, gazed sadly into the enclosure beyond. And it was full of pigs.

I told Cæsar of my misfortune. "You are very young," he said. What was the precise significance of this remark, I inquired. "You will understand when you are older," he replied.

So, not to be behindhand in proffering consoling

observations, I said how greatly I envied him in that he was now too old to be tormented any longer by the stings of desire.

He looked at me sombrely, with a cloud on his face, and said that the contents of his postbag might surprise me. To which I replied that the importunities of women directed towards men in high position were no guarantee of a capacity for love in the objects of such importunities.

"You are hurt by this girl's forgetfulness," Cæsar said, mildly. And suddenly I understood that he was a great man, far removed from the petty sensibility which cries out at a pinprick. And I was abashed.

But the question of my journey expenses was not the less urgent because Cæsar was great of soul. Now it so happened that there was in my pocket a bottle of hair-lotion, which had arrived with my aunt's letter, a new speciality, she wrote, prepared by her sister's husband's cousin, warranted to restore hair to the most inveterately bald of surfaces, and which she asked me to make known among Cæsar's officers, whereby I would assist the fortunes of a worthy man who would not be slow to testify his appreciation of my endeavours on his behalf. "Cæsar himself," my excellent aunt added, "might benefit by it, if all one hears is true." And, indeed, there was a patch on the great man's head which cried shame on the preparations with which he was rumoured to be for ever experimenting. To reclaim this patch for cultivation, make it fruitful, productive, would, I felt, be a service which Cæsar could not fail to reward. And already I heard him summoning his purse-bearer.

Accordingly, I turned myself so as to present to Cæsar the pocket in which the bottle bulged, and when he criticized my sartorial insensitiveness I was confused, deprecating inquiry as to the contents of my pocket, but, finally, in a burst of confidence, confessing that it was a lotion sent me from Corinth to promote a beard, which I conceived necessary to enhance my dignity.

But enough! enough! Though a master of strategy,

I deplore its necessity. I am a poet, and the subterfuges of practical life revolt me.

The reader will understand the situation when I inform him that thereafter each evening I was required by Cæsar to examine the crown of his head and report progress. But there was no progress, and as he checked my report with a hand mirror, I conceived that I should be unworthy of his confidence if I nourished unfounded expectations.

But when we had for the tenth time scanned the gleaming surface in vain, in sheer despair I simulated an access of optimism, and "Courage, Cæsar!" I cried, "Rome was not built in a day."

"But it *was* built."

And it seemed to me that my infernal aunt, with her invidious and unsolicited interference, had compromised the settlement of my journey expenses beyond recovery.

With Cæsar's entourage, which composed itself partly of officers and partly of seedy *littérateurs*, among whom Asinius Pollio took the lead with his boring dissertations on rhetoric, I was but moderately popular. Nor did Cæsar's superficially jocose but essentially serious designation of me as "our poet" tend to increase my popularity. So that when one night my tent collapsed on me, and I lay smothered in its folds, I understood from the laughter outside that I was the subject of an anti-intellectual demonstration. The task of re-establishing the tent did not commend itself to me, but, seeing that it had to be performed, I applied myself to it, fumbling at the cords with fingers numbed by the night wind which blew down upon me from the frozen summits of the mountains. All this, while cheers out of the darkness testified that my efforts were deemed worthy of appreciation. But once more beneath my blankets, and turning over in my mind this manifestation of the collective spirit, not to be interpreted as otherwise than unfriendly, I decided to raise myself above it by philosophical meditation. And

so I reflected on the fleeting unreality of our phenomenal existence, and how even the greatest disasters, implicating empires and nations, are but quickly-obliterated eddies in the eternal flux. And I forgave the collective spirit in all its manifestations. And I perceived that it would be strange not to forgive. Then the tent collapsed again. More laughter. More fumbling with numbed fingers. More cheers. But no more philosophy.

The next day, returning at noon from a solitary walk, I met the officers marching away at the head of their troops, with an unostentatious but serious air. I inquired whither they were going, whereupon they looked pained, as if this was not an occasion for frivolity. And when on reaching the camp, which I found to be empty save for Cæsar and the *littérateurs*, I encountered Asinius Pollio and expressed my astonishment, he also, like the officers, looked pained. As for Cæsar, he was walking about smiling non-committally, and I judged the moment inauspicious to question him. One thing, however, was clear to me, namely, that either the persistent rumour that Cæsar was about to invade Italy was correct, or it was not correct; and since in the realm of the deed all effort does but add to the existing confusion, I perceived that whichever course Cæsar had decided upon the opposite course would eventually be hailed as the one he ought to have adopted. But deeming such a reflection would not find favour with Cæsar, I withheld it from him. When we sat down to supper, all eyes were upon Cæsar, who, however, maintained an air of unawareness, engaging Asinius Pollio in an unrewarding discussion on the respective flexibility of the Greek and Latin tongues, until, suddenly, as we awaited the signal to rise, he looked grave, and "Gentlemen," he said, "the time has come to admit you into my confidence." Whereupon we looked even graver than Cæsar, who continued in a low tone, effectively enhancing the serious nature of his pronouncement. "At dawn I cross the Rubicon. From that moment I am the enemy of the Republic." Then,

raising his voice: "Gentlemen, if there be among you any who shrink from associating themselves with this enterprise, I shall bear them no ill-will. Only let them declare themselves, that Cæsar may know his friends."

Which seemed to me very much the same thing as if he had said Cæsar would know his enemies. Accordingly, I was not behindhand with the others in proclaiming my fidelity, reflecting that if as Cæsar's friend I was finding it so difficult to recover my journey expenses, as Cæsar's enemy I would find it impossible. But lest my readers may suppose me indifferent to any but the personal implications of this historic occasion, let me inform them that instead of enjoying the few hours' rest at my disposal, I spent the remainder of the night brushing my horse's coat, fixing on the saddle, and greasing my sword, a cumbrous second-hand article bought at Brundisium, and which was so rusty that I had only hitherto been able to draw it from its scabbard by gripping it between my knees and pulling with both hands. It was still dark when we set off, Cæsar riding ahead with a native guide who was to lead us to the Rubicon. As we rode through the starless night between heavy, shapeless hills, I wondered how many Cæsars had ridden between them in the past, and how many Cæsars would ride between them in the endless future. And for what? And for what? But when, in the breaking dawn, the guide pointed to a river in front of us, and Cæsar, with pale, stern face, drew his sword, calling out: "A desperate man fears no danger. Come on!" I, too, was seized with enthusiasm, and crying with the *littérateurs*, "Long live Cæsar!" pulled at my sword, but with such force, forgetting it was greased, that it flew with inconceivable swiftness from the scabbard, upsetting my balance, so that only my dropping it and flinging my arms round the neck of my horse saved me from falling to the ground. Cæsar, meanwhile, and the *littérateurs* had halted on the far side of the river, as I thought to wait for me, but when I rejoined them Cæsar, oblivious of my misadventure

and white with rage, was pointing to a small hill beyond a stream which flowed in front of us, and ordering his attendants to nail the guide to a tree on its summit. For the river we had just crossed was, it seemed, not the Rubicon after all, and a rustic's unintelligible explana tions had ruined a grand historic gesture. So we splashed through the stream, and dashed up the hill, our guide all the while pouring forth entreaties and explanations, when Asinius Pollio suddenly called to Cæsar : " Sire, do you hear what he is saying ? " To which Cæsar, who was leading us, did not reply. " But, Sire, he says he pointed to the second stream, not the first."

" What ! " cried Cæsar, reining at his horse. " Then the stream we have just crossed is the Rubicon."

" Yes, Sire."

A silence fell upon us. And the poor wretch gazed hopefully at Cæsar, who, for his part, stared ahead with an expressionless face. But at last, turning to his purse-bearer, he asked : " How much are you paying this man ? "

" Three silver pieces, Sire."

" Give them to," and his eye travelled slowly over the *littérateurs* till it fell on me. " Give them," and he pointed at me, " to him. Towards your journey expenses," he added, inclining his head gravely in my direction.

" But, Cæsar ! " I cried, " my sword alone cost me six pieces."

" It was not worth it," he said. " It was not worth it." And wheeling his horse round he rode on, with bowed head, as if oppressed by the lack of financial integrity among dealers in swords.

Kingship in Syria

By Owen Tweedy

WHEN I first visited Damascus in the spring of 1919, Syria was still in the post-war melting-pot, and Damascus itself was the administrative headquarters of what was known as "Occupied Enemy Territory (East)," and the seat of the Emir Feisal—now the King of Iraq—who administered the zone with the assistance of a small staff of British officers. I was bound for Aleppo, but my windowless and vermin-ridden war-train would not start for two days, so I had leisure to explore the town. One of my ploys brought me to the house of a venerable sand-diviner, whom I found sitting on his hunkers on his earthen floor with his tray of sand before him. He gave my red tabs and my handsome field-boots an appreciative glance, shut his eyes, shook his tray, and proceeded with great dexterity to dab the sand into a sort of cuneiform pattern. And then came my fortune (*sic*). But having married me to a lady of transcendent beauty and incredible wealth and tireless ability to stock my nursery, he wearied of my future and drifted inevitably into politics. For Damascus, after Jerusalem, is the most politically-minded town in the Near East.

"My son," he began, "you and your brothers from the West have reached the Gateway of the East. But who shall rule the road beyond—the 600 miles of desert to Iraq, over the high mountains to Iran, and away into the sunrise to India? A hard road and a hard problem, but a secret which the sand can readily reveal." He paused for effect, and pored over his tray. "Strangers from the West shall rule it—for a time; and then the Arabs, the Sons of the Desert, will swallow them up entirely."

"And when will that be?" I asked.

He made even greater play with his long, tapering fingers over the sand.

"When the West remembers its promises," he said pompously. "So it is written in the sand."

* * * *

The old sand-diviner was, of course, nothing but a rank propagandist; but he was picturesque, and I never forgot him, and seven years later, in 1926, when I was again in Damascus, which by then was administered under the French Mandate and, incidentally, was still smouldering from a recent bombardment, I hastened to seek him out once more. The old man had forgotten me and my tabs and my boots, and gave me rather a measly future, quite in keeping with my dilapidated grey flannel suit. And then, as before, he abruptly switched into politics.

"Why are you in Damascus?" he asked brusquely.

I answered poetically.

"I am a traveller standing in the Gateway of the East. I go to Baghdad."

He eyed me keenly and then smiled cunningly.

"You speak the language of bygone days. For Syria is no longer the Gateway to the East. To-day it is the Western Gateway out of the East, and we have come to call it the Gateway of the Oil. And now you are over the threshold and are off across those six hundred desert miles to Baghdad; and everyone else is going to Baghdad; and you are all bound for the new land of the oil, for Iraq. How those remote oilfields in the Kurdistan foothills interest you all from the West! But you seem to forget that they interest us Arabs no less keenly." He paused and leaned dramatically over his tray. "See, the sand also is interested. Listen to what it has to say. 'The stranger shall bring the pipeline out of the Kurdistan foothills, across those six hundred miles of Syrian desert down to the ports of the Mediterranean, and for a time the West shall possess the fruits of our Arab oil; but the possession will be short and the fruits will be for the Arab. For the pipeline will remain, and

we shall remain, but the stranger will depart, never to return.' So it is written in the sand."

* *

The old rascal had, of course, been merely giving an extempore version of the latest leading article in one of the many miserable daily journals which are published in Syria. How Syrian newspapers survive is a mystery. The country is small, not much larger than England, and of its 60,000 square miles, two-thirds are howling desert, and support at an outside estimate not more than 50,000 of the 2½ million souls who comprise the Syrian population. Of the remainder—the town dwellers and the *fellahin* (peasants)—at least 90 per cent. are illiterate. But the literate 10 per cent. are all tense politicians and voracious readers, and thus the newspapers do survive. And, what is more, their political fulminations are blindly accepted as the inspired utterances of infallible oracles. Earlier during the same tour I had been in Syrian Tripoli, and with my hotel-keeper, an educated Arab, had taken the cool of the evening on his balcony watching the come-and-go in the crowded town-square below.

"It used to be far more thronged before Beirut ruined us," said my friend. "Tripoli was a flourishing place until the French began to starve us out to make Beirut. But, *Insha'allah* (Please God), better times are coming," and he showed me a paragraph in a local newspaper, announcing that it had finally been decided that the terminus of the pipeline from the Kurdish oilfields of Iraq should be Tripoli. "At last," he said, "someone has shown some common sense. Tripoli is the obvious and natural terminus for both the pipeline and the transdesert railway. Why, the Turks recognized that sixty years ago, and went so far as to engage English engineers for a railway survey from here to Baghdad. Of course nothing more happened. The Turks were hopeless. But you and the French and the Americans

do sound like business, and what Tripoli needs is business."

* * * *

This spring, four years later, I was again in Syria. My sand-diviner, alas, was dead, but I made another visit to Tripoli. My hotel-keeper was a disillusioned man.

"We Syrians are accursed," he wailed. "There are too many captains in the Near East ship, and it is drifting about helplessly at the mercy of international waves, and unless we are all to be ruined it is high time that someone made up his mind about this pipeline and this railway. Nothing has happened since you were here. But they can't keep the oil bottled up in Kurdistan for ever. It must go somewhere. But where? Who will decide?" He eyed me hesitatingly and there was a long pause. "An Arab perhaps? Who knows? For everything is going in the direction of Arab countries for the Arabs. You British have recognized the force of the movement, and have been very cunning in Iraq. Your treaty is a masterpiece. It saves your face and yet safeguards what you really want. The French are furious and bewildered. They would love to be quit of Syria—but only on their own terms. But, unfortunately for them, there is no King Feisal here to sign a treaty. At least not yet . . . But you will hear all about that when you get to Baghdad."

He was right. During the three weeks which I later spent in Iraq every conversation seemed fated to drift either into oil or politics, or both; for one topic invariably provoked the other. A French mission from Beirut was visiting King Feisal with great mystery, and the Iraq Parliament had just ratified the oil concession given to the Iraq Petroleum Company, which had made a substantial advance payment of royalties to the Government. Everyone was agog with excitement. "What will the Government do with its windfall? Are the French here to get the pipeline through to Tripoli or Alexandretta as well as to Haiffa? Is this French

general come to sound Feisal about the Syrian throne? Will he take it himself or let Abdullah or Ali go to Damascus?" The atmosphere was electric, as is always the case in the East when bargainings are believed to be afoot; but this time the feeling was general that the Arabs were in a good position to make a really lucrative deal.

The Syrian problem to-day is a Franco-Arab and not an international question, and its discussion entails a short reference to the very chequered history of Syria over the last one hundred and forty years. In 1798 Napoleon overran the country, until his failure at Acre "spoiled his destiny." Thirty years later Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt seized the country by force of arms from his Suzerain Lord, the Sultan, only in his turn to be thrown back into the Valley of the Nile as a result of foreign intervention. Finally—and, above all, important for France—in 1860 Napoleon III, with a French army, landed in Beirut to avenge the Christian massacres in Damascus. His soldiers shouted as they embarked at Marseilles "*Partons pour la Syrie.*" France reaffirmed her rôle as Protector of Christendom in Islam: and ever since that date she has consistently asserted a special position in Syria. This position was fully recognized in an Anglo-French war agreement of 1915, by which the Syrian seaboard was allocated to French influence in the eventual post-war settlements; but the actual conquest of Syria from the Turks was accomplished by British, and not by French, force of arms, and it was a British, and not a French military occupation which was set up after the armistice.

This arrangement was, however, only provisional, pending the execution of inter-allied war agreements. The Arab revolt and the two British campaigns in Palestine and Mesopotamia had aimed at the detachment from Turkey of the predominatingly Arab provinces of the Ottoman Empire, which were to be parcelled out among the victorious allies. The Lebanon should be

French and Palestine British, which left the Hejaz, Syria, Iraq and Transjordan for the Arabs. The problem of selecting kings for these four provinces was, on paper, dangerously simple. King Hussein of the Hejaz, who had started the Arab revolt, was so old that he could not long survive; but his four sons tallied automatically with the four kingless provinces. So Feisal was allocated to Syria; Abdullah to Iraq; Ali to succeed his father in the Hejaz; while Zeid, who was still a boy, was to be held in reserve for Transjordan. Not one of these beautiful plans succeeded. Feisal and Ali were both dethroned, one by the French, the other by Ibn Saud; Abdullah, after being throneless for two years, was overlooked in 1922, when Feisal mounted the throne of Iraq, and, as a *pis aller*, contented himself with Transjordan and a pleasant British subsidy, and Zeid is still in reserve.

Syria has thus remained kingless since 1920, when Feisal's foolish recklessness earned him expulsion by the French; but his removal did not ease the French position in the country. In the last ten years they have quelled, at great cost of lives and treasure, no less than three serious rebellions; and although the country is to-day "pacified," it is still heavily garrisoned and colonially administered, and is, in fact, an irksome and expensive and thankless and unpopular responsibility. Indeed, *Partons pour la Syrie* is no longer a pæan, but a dirge.

Meanwhile French public opinion had not been indifferent to evolution in Iraq and Transjordan. In ten years two new kingdoms had been created and had achieved a primitive form of democratic government which apparently satisfied local aspirations. At the same time—which was in French eyes a far more interesting issue—these new governments had greatly decreased both the responsibilities and the financial obligations of the British mandatory, who, however, by bilateral treaty, continued to have a telling say in the direction of high policy.

There is, however, one great stumbling-block in the way of a French adoption of a policy in Syria on lines parallel to those which we have followed in Iraq. Syria under the French has been administered according to traditional methods of French colonization, which are based on direct administration backed by a rigid military occupation, and are in the main the outcome of French experiences in Algeria. In turn, Tunis, Madagascar, Cambodia and Morocco have been "pacified" on these lines; and in each case the general result has been the *Frenchification* of the occupied or conquered territory.

But French colonial traditions were destined to be rudely disturbed, first by the war, and secondly, by the post-war evolution of British mandatory policy. During the war France had drawn largely on her dependencies and colonies both for man-power and for supplies for her armies; and when it was over these subject peoples demanded their rights as enunciated in President Wilson's fourteen points. But France saw no reason radically to alter her proved methods, and although there have been slight modifications in certain directions, French colonial administration is still in the main conducted on pre-war lines. On the whole the older colonies resigned themselves, albeit sulkily, to French traditional inelasticity. But Syria was quite a different proposition. Being a post-war acquisition, it was not inured to French traditional methods; secondly, the Syrians, as judged according to Near Eastern standards, were an enlightened race and held obstinately to the allied war promises of self-determination; lastly, they were deeply interested and influenced when they saw their neighbours in Iraq and Transjordan and Egypt begin to enjoy the fruits of an ever-developing British policy of self-government for the smaller nations within the orbit of British influence. As a result, up to to-day, Syria has never settled down to French methods, and the Franco-Syrian problem in 1932 is quite as tense as it was in 1919. But French action towards what would appear to be the normal solution of

the problem is hampered by considerations unconnected with Syria. For if they were to follow in Syria the lines of British policy in Iraq, and elect to set up a friendly independent sovereign state, which would be linked to France by an alliance, rather than controlled by a direct French administration, there would doubtless be wide repercussions in Morocco, in Cambodia, in Madagascar, and in Tunis.

There is clear indication that Paris is inclined to take this risk, but if French statesmanship thus sanctions the creation of another Arab kingdom in Syria, the French negotiators will undoubtedly—if only to justify what will be criticized as an abrupt *volte face*—press for a Franco-Arab treaty which will, if possible, appear to give even greater emphasis to French influence in Syria than the Anglo-Iraq treaty gives to British influence in the Valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates.

Negotiations on these lines and to this end—although clandestine and officially denied—have been proceeding in Baghdad with King Feisal, who thus emerges as the spokesman of Arab independence in the Near East. But whether he or one of his brothers finally accepts the Syrian throne, their acceptance can only be on terms which would be agreeable to Arab opinion, not only in Syria, but generally elsewhere. For King Feisal would gravely prejudice his own position in Baghdad were he to sign away Arab rights in Syria on terms which could be attacked as being weak in comparison with the stipulations of the Anglo-Iraq treaty.

At the same time it is unnecessary to stress the fact that he must be greatly influenced by the thought that the creation of an Arab kingdom in Syria on *any* terms would register a marked advance towards the realization not only of Arab, but of his own aspirations. On the one hand, it would indicate another step towards the achievement of an Arab Federated Empire in the Near East; on the other, it would place yet another representative of his Hashimite family—for there are no suitable

candidates for the Syrian kingship outside Feisal and his three brothers—on another Arab throne, which would be a further reinforcement of Hashimite supremacy as against the rival powers of the Ibn Saud family, whose Arabian kingdoms march with Transjordan and Iraq.

Negotiations of every kind are notoriously protracted in the East, and the present Franco-Arab *pourparlers* are no exception to this rule. It is, of course, possible that the French may first experiment with a makeshift Syrian Republic; but the real issue will still be between Paris and Baghdad, and the final solution will be agreement by compromise. Oil may eventually be the negotiating lubricant. The French desire practical and contractual recognition of their interest in the Iraq oilfields, over and above their holding of shares in the Iraq Petroleum Company; and this could be realized if, after Tripoli or Alexandretta, in addition to Haiffa, had been adopted as a Mediterranean terminus of the pipeline, they were accorded by treaty a special position in the selected port, which would entitle them on special terms to the first call for French needs on the oil which would be discharged at the port. Indeed, the Franco-Arab treaty will be as much a commercial as a political accord; for France is even worse situated than we are ourselves, regarding exclusive petrol supplies.

There should be little in such stipulations which King Feisal need fear as affecting his own position in Iraq or that of his family elsewhere, for even if he were to be criticized in Arab circles for selling a birthright for a mess of petrol, he would be able convincingly to point to the counterbalancing benefits of an Arab Syria as furthering developments towards the realization of general Arab federation. Again citing the precedents of Iraq and Egypt, he could stress the point that in both countries little progress towards self-government was achieved until they became kingdoms, and that since then, as one treaty has succeeded another, always the advantage has rested with the weaker negotiator.

This phenomenon is a constant topic of interest among the youth of both Cairo and Baghdad. Last spring I met a young Arab official in Baghdad, whose education had been divided between Paris and London. His comments on the progress of Iraqi events were pointed.

"You British," he said, "did have to fight to get your footing in Iraq, not as in Egypt where it was a walk-over, and you did come as conquerors. But you have stayed as policemen. To police what? Us? Not a bit of it. You weren't in the slightest interested in us or our independence or our progress. We merely happened, like the Suez Canal, to lie athwart your communications, and we were a potential source of oil supplies for the British Navy. You didn't say so, of course. You declared that you had come and were staying to put us on our feet. And, thank goodness, it was you British who turned the Turks out of Iraq, and not the French! They would have minced no words about what they wanted or had any interest in altruistic nonsense about our progress. Look at Syria and Morocco and Tunis! But you have suited us beautifully. You have got us going, and even now, when we are turning you out, you still seem positively to relish fighting our battles for us. You have solved our Kurdish question, and now you are going to get us into the League of Nations. We Iraqis say: 'Heads I win, tails you lose.' And every time you play. Look at these grand royalties which we are now getting from the oilfields which you conquered from the Turks for us. You are the oddest conquerors the world has ever seen. But though we may not appear grateful for all you have done, I can assure you we are. For was it not you British who taught us Arabs how to tease the French out of Syria?"

British policy in Iraq has taught the Arabs tactics and has filled the hand which King Feisal has to play with the French over Syria, with trumps, and as we know full well by now he is an astute and deliberate card-player. But apart from the intrinsic value of the

hand which the French have now to play, they are psychologically at a disadvantage. For, thanks to the workings of the whirligig of time, their opponent is the man whom they removed in 1920 from the throne of Syria, and to-day, twelve short years later, he is rapidly qualifying as dictator of the terms on which his successor shall ascend the very same throne.

In a Char-a-banc

By Hugh Kingsmill

(A. E. Housman's "Bredon Hill," in the manner of R-b-rt Br-wn-ng)

A FINE hill, that, sir! Roomy spot
To fodder sheep, you say?
That's how it strikes you? Well, why not?
You see it first to-day.

But I . . . Your pardon whilst I blow.
Spring brings the old catarrh.
My snuffling discommodes you? No?
Thank you! How kind you are!

That hill, sir, has a boldish bluff.
You'll hardly think the crest
Affords a level couch enough
For panting folk to rest.

Our Sunday couch one spring. Church bells
Pealed useless from the plain.
And steeples, jumped from hidden dells,
Solicited in vain.

They buried her that winter. Springs
Hurt since. There's no excuse,
Pestering strangers with such things.
May I? Catarrh's the deuce!

Samuel Butler's Notebooks: Some New Extracts

[*Below are further (hitherto unpublished) extracts from Samuel Butler's Notebooks. Previous extracts from the Notebooks appeared in the May, June and July issues of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW. *The new Notebooks, edited by Mr. A. T. Bartholomew, will be published by Jonathan Cape in the early autumn.*]

ELECTION STORY

A. I am going to vote for Gladstone. I like that about one man one vote. *B.* What is that about? *A.* Why *one man, one vote,* of course. *B.* But I don't know what that means. *A.* Can't you see? It means *one bloody man one bloody vote. B.* (after a slight pause) Then why couldn't you have said so at once?

CRITICISM

The test of a good critic is whether he knows when and how to believe on insufficient evidence.

JONES ON THE DEATH OF TENNYSON

The morning papers (one of them) had on their advertisement placards: "Death of Lord Tennyson. Beautiful deathbed scenes. Captain Coe's finals." Jones came up to me in the reading-room and said, "And you know we've just had Renan, now then, Mr. Ruskin please." How is it that we so seldom hear of the death of a very successful public man without private satisfaction. We do sometimes. We were sorry heartily enough when Lord Beaconsfield died, or Charles Keene of "Punch"—or half a dozen more whom I cannot think of at this moment, but we are generally glad. I suppose it is because successful men are generally humbugs.

LEONARDO DA VINCI

is a great name, and when a man is a great name his

friends will generally do well to let the matter rest there. Certainly Leonardo is greater as a great name than he is as anything else that I know of.

CAPITAL AND GENIUS

Capital is like genius, alike hated and coveted by those who are without it, or have but little of it, for no man is wholly destitute of either genius or money.

FASHIONABLE SUBTERFUGES OF THE TIMES

One of the most fashionable subterfuges of the times is the demand for more evidence upon points where no more evidence is wanted by a sensible non-combatant.

Sneer down existing evidence, demand more facts, say to save appearances that no doubt the thing ought to be considered, but be careful to avoid considering it.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE

In old times people used to try and square the circle, now they try and devise schemes for satisfying the Irish nation.

UNCONSCIOUS LYING

It is the unconscious liar that is the greatest liar.

LOGIC

No mistake is more common and more fatuous, than appealing to logic in cases which are beyond her jurisdiction, and all things as for example art, religion, science, business, etc., have their limitations beyond which the writs of the rules do not run.

CAMBRIDGE

I do not want to shake the dust of Cambridge off my feet or any of that rubbish, but I have been at some pains to get it out of my eyes, and I think that I have got rid of most of it.

I HAVE CHIEFLY STUDIED

classics, art, music, and biology, and I find Cambridge an unsafe guide in all four. She knows little, and what little she thinks she knows is for the most part wrong.

ONE OF THE CHIEF ARTS

is that of knowing what to neglect, and the more talk increases the more necessary does this art become.

PRIESTS

Priests are not men of the world—it is not intended that they should be, and a university training is the one best adapted to prevent their becoming so.

THE GREATER PART OF VALOUR

is indiscretion.

HOME SWEET HOME

must surely have been written by a bachelor.

GEORGE MEREDITH

(who read Erewhon in MS. for Chapman and Hall and advised them against it) told Mrs. Bovill he could not understand how I had been so strangely overlooked. She told me. What I ought to have said, and it would have been quite true, was that it was no less incomprehensible to myself how George Meredith can have so strangely acquired a literary reputation.

LORD ORFORD

In 1824 Lord Orford was invited to become president of the Norwich Bible Society. His reply was as follows:—

Sir—I am surprised and annoyed by the contents of your letter—surprised, because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application, and annoyed, because it compels me to have even this communication with you.

I have long been addicted to the gaming table; I have lately taken to the turf; I fear I frequently

blaspheme; but I have never distributed religious tracts. All this was known to you and your society, notwithstanding which you think me a fit person to be your president. God forbid your hypocrisy.

I would rather live in the land of sinners than with such saints.

From *The Times*. July 12, 1894.

WOMEN PECK AT SOME MEN'S BRAINS

and hearts, as daws steal spoons, not because they want them or know what they are, but because the glitter attracts them, and because they are naturally and instinctively fond of stealing.

GIVE PEACE IN OUR TIME O LORD—

Is this indifference to what may befall the next generation—or does it proceed from a feeling that peace for a longer period is past praying for?

WOMEN ARE MORE EXACTING THAN BRIGANDS

I heard a man say that brigands demand your money *or* your life, whereas women require both.

IT IS NO PART OF GOD'S SCHEME

that any very large number of people in this world should be positively wise, good and well-to-do. If it had been, He would have taken measures to ensure that such should be the case.

"THE TIMES" ON SIR ALFRED MILNER

"The High Commissioner, it is evident, is not one of those men who try to earn a reputation for fairness and wisdom by resolutely refusing to have definite views on any subject."

Times, June 15, 1899.

"THE TIMES" AND MY BOOK ON SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

This book appeared last Monday week, since which date there has been no "Books of the Week" article till this morning. There being no mention of my book I conclude that there will be none, i.e. that *The Times* does not consider that it deserves to have attention called to it, as much as the other books do which it has noticed. Am I to be piqued at this or should I not rather be proud of it? I have little doubt which of the two I ought to feel, and none as to which I do feel. See what *The Times* said about my Authoress? See how it passed over my Iliad without a word; see with what enthusiasm it welcomed Sidney Lee's "Life of Shakespeare"; he who lets himself be chagrined by men who are either obviously incompetent, or obviously insincere deserves to be chagrined.

TO DIE

is only to leave off dying.

(*Concluded.*)

In Praise of Bondage

By E. S. P. Haynes

THE hatred of Liberty felt by most human beings is well illustrated by the way in which they always hark back to the days of the nursery and school, in which there was very little variety and no personal responsibility. Even Mr. Bultitude in Mr. Anstey's "Vice Versa," although regretting the loss of liberty involved by being at school, regrets even more the loss of the business routine on which his daily life reposes. Later on at the University there are very few undergraduates who wish to do anything but row or play games to the exclusion of all other recreations, although Oxford at least is surrounded by the most lovely country which might be thought worth exploring.

It would appear that mental sanity and even physical health depend very much on the bondage of daily routine. Many men would admit that they are often full of nervous instability during the week-end and return with conscious relief to the routine of Monday morning. It is a commonplace that any man of affairs should be very careful of retiring from business unless he is well under the age of 60, and even then he should have a hobby of some kind. Moreover, he should have learnt how to depend on the hobby to the exclusion of business before he makes the plunge.

I have known many a man declare that he would be quite happy with his hobby and yet find that the change of habit was too much to endure, and for this reason many of us shrink from the idea of a future life because such a change of habit as existing without a body is too terrific to contemplate. One finds this tendency even more pronounced in the agricultural labourer who, although most inadequately remunerated for his work, yet works harder than most artisans and much less in a groove. The skill and versatility of his occupation perhaps compensates for its very poor reward and for the fact that he is universally despised by the

politicians and by the Trade Unions, whose vision is entirely limited to urban occupations.

Much the same considerations apply to women; the bondage of the family seems to suit them physically and mentally. A middle-aged person of to-day can remember numbers of women who had a family ranging from ten to fifteen children without seeming to wilt under the burden and who lived to quite a considerable age. It may be that one only knew the hardy specimens; but I can remember many women who seemed to spend all their lives in producing and rearing children and who were, to all appearance, far more contented than the modern mother of two or three children.

The modern women without children plunge into the bondage of male occupations, and modern girls play at being Boy Scouts and calling themselves Girl Guides. Yet even the childless woman would usually be happier in domestic service than in the sort of clerical occupation which compels her to rush about in tubes and trains and trams and eat bad food prepared by other women who think it degrading to do so. Our suburban politicians in their snobbish omniscience are always talking of domestic service with the same contempt as agricultural labourers; but if this country retains its sanity this sort of nonsense will one day be properly exposed. In spite of all the nonsense that has been talked on the subject few men and women can have been so happy as the ordinary German or Russian in the twentieth century before 1914. They enjoyed far more personal liberty in regard to their habits and conduct than the ordinary Briton, so long as they did not betray any interest in politics. This is even more true of the German and Italian of the eighteenth century. These fortunate beings lived in little Duchies or city states secure from all the flag-wagging, Nationalist insanity introduced by Frederick the Great and subsequently by Napoleon Bonaparte and all the dreadful tribe of so-called statesmen like Bismarck and Cavour. They

enjoyed all the amenities of life such as good food, good liquor, good music, and beautiful surroundings without being used as cannon fodder or taxed out of existence in order to fulfil the megalomaniac ambitions of imbecile politicians.

The ancient and mediæval city state, and even a city like Geneva in the eighteenth century, might be well governed by an intelligent aristocracy or oligarchy or even a despot because the whole population was not so large as to be incapable of reflecting any definite public sentiment. The political theories of Rousseau have, perhaps, done more harm to the modern world than those of any other writer; but, in justice to Rousseau, one should remember that he never contemplated anything like the modern electorate on a national scale. The fact remains, however, that his theories have been perverted and magnified by all the busy-bodies and philanthropists of our time.

As an instance of the harm that Rousseau has done I may perhaps refer to a recent conversation with an eminent and blameless Civil Servant who had lately visited the Island of Barbados. Oliver Cromwell sent some of my Royalist ancestors to this island in the seventeenth century and since that date the island has been most efficiently governed by a small oligarchy of planters, including from time to time various members of my own family. The deliberations of the governing class resemble those of a debating society; one legislator proposes a measure and the assembly decides whether they want the measure or not. If they do not want it the measure is dropped and there is an end of the question. This seems to me an ideal sort of government; but my friend the Civil Servant said that it was most unprogressive.

It appears that nearly every native in the island has a vote but that most of the natives are sensible enough to be satisfied with the existing system of administration. My friend damned all the voters quite

in the style of the Jacobin who abused the needy knife-grinder; but it seemed to me that I would much rather be governed by gentlemen than by natives, although being governed by gentlemen is, to-day, regarded by progressive and Fabian persons as a degrading form of bondage.

It is not as if progressive or Fabian persons ever realized democracy; because as soon as the masses begin to cause trouble we get someone like Lenin or Mussolini who puts an end to any aspirations for liberty and sets up a sort of inquisitorial tyranny which is much worse than bondage.

In any decent civilization most employers are careful to observe the old adage "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn"; but the modern Dictator practises the most disgusting form of espionage whether the model of it be Fascist or Bolshevist. After all, why should the ordinary intelligent man wish to be bothered by politics any more than by problems of public drainage? So long as he is not too oppressively taxed, it is much better for him to have a government machine which works well.

"For forms of Government let fools contest;
"Whate'er is best administered is best."

The modern right of voting has recently been extended to women of 21 and no doubt soon the politicians will canvass for the votes of children and lunatics. The trouble is that the politician is always presenting the electorate with a choice of equally unwelcome alternatives. I believe that the French electorate have so far set a solitary example of revolt against this procedure by refusing to vote at all, and I fancy that in France and possibly in some remote colony a statute to enforce compulsory voting has been introduced; a better satire on Rousseau and all other leaders of modern Democracy can scarcely be invented.

Man is born in chains and yet he hugs them for

reasons which are fundamentally sensible except in the case of any citizen who is by temperament either a bully or a busy-body. The benefits of intellectual bondage are seldom appreciated; but Professor Rostovzteff indulges in some very wise reflections on the subject at the end of his great book "The Social and Economic History of the Roman Empire." He thinks that the decline of the Roman Empire was principally caused by the effort to extend a higher civilization to the lower classes without debasing its standard and diluting its quality to the vanishing point. According to his theory, oriental civilizations were more stable and lasting than the Greco-Roman, because being chiefly based on religion they were nearer to the masses. After all, religion can provide quite an efficient civilization if it does not frighten people too much.

Yet even if we exclude the consolations of religion from the discussion of intellectual bondage, the modern reader may look back with envy to the mid-Victorian period when every one knew what to think about everything. In those days everything could be settled within the limits of an etiquette book and one could rely on Baedeker's guide books to this world even if Baedeker had not quite penetrated to the next world.

Every infant born alive was either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative; the British Isles were really insular; Home Rule for Ireland was inconceivable; all protection was, on the face of it, absurd; the Latin races were hopelessly decadent; the Catholic Church was corrupt and the salvation of Europe lay in the hands of Protestants who were mostly North Germans.

Most of these axioms were severely damaged before the Great War, but scarcely any of them have survived the scepticism of our time. All standards have gone into the melting pot. Einstein has shaken the foundations of Rationalism and Mr. Belloc, masquerading as the Scarlet Woman, has shattered the orderly scheme of Darwinian evolution. Well may the old-fashioned Liberal and broad

Churchman exclaim " O mihi præteritos reddat si Juppiter annos ! "

The most eloquent cry for bondage may, perhaps, come from the artist and the scholar. What bondage can be more admirable than that of the Greek or even Roman art? That perfect sense of form which inspires all classical literature, and which even survived to mould poets so different as Goethe and Tennyson, Hugo and Leopardi, is now repudiated by a generation which prefers the chaotic burblings of the new poet and the crude contortions and disgusting noises of the lascivious negro. The revolt against bondage is to-day complete and we can now see what the absence of intellectual bondage means :

" Religion, blushing, hides her sacred fires,
" And unawares Morality expires."

Perhaps the most obvious form of bondage to-day is what Mr. Belloc has christened " The Servile State." The modern proletarian is content with his lot so long as he is exempt from the " degradation " of manual labour, can be secure from the accidents and adventures of life, escapes having to educate or provide for his children, and has a pension in old age. Being too spirited to work with his hands he is put in charge of machines who become his masters, and indeed without machines how could standardization and mass production be achieved? Moreover, machines cannot, like human beings, be directly controlled by Trades Unions. The logical corollary of the Servile State is compulsory labour ; but only machines can be compelled to work under the conditions of modern industry.

The modern producer cannot work in the large, except by eliminating the caprice of individual taste, and when once we have scrapped the disorderly impulses of mere handicraft, mechanical bondage can be permanently established. The same convenient uniformity applies to the press (which, in Great Britain, is possessed

to-day by five big standardizers) and to the catering trade (which supplies the same pseudo-French cookery to all the really respectable hotels of civilized continents). It will soon supply the same sort of muck to communal kitchens when once the family household is abolished.

Modern men and women will thus escape the old-fashioned bondage to canons of good taste and good food and wine and enjoy the progressive enslavement to communist ideas and State diet. This emancipation from the mental effort of individual choice seems to have created a lively satisfaction in the citizens of modern Russia, and even the youth of modern England seems singularly content with any kind of standardized meal prefaced by a standardized cocktail and washed down by any kind of Algerian red wine blanched into what is politely called Sauterne.

How enviable it is to live in this fashion and to escape from the labour of obtaining the fruits of the earth by tilling or cultivating the soil or even from the effort of thinking one's own thoughts, painting one's own pictures, or making one's own music! Plato is at last coming into his own; the destruction of family privacy and the expulsion or extinction of the artist will shortly be accomplished facts in progressive commonwealths. The State will become an efficiently regulated stud farm and will provide a lethal chamber for those who have lived too long or cannot be cured by the State physicians.

If anyone is contumacious enough to deplore the modern slavery set up by the State let him only observe an urban crowd in the street. Modern hygiene has saved their lives and nothing else. If they had any sort of liberty or initiative or ceased to be sheeplike, more than 50 per cent. of them would be intolerable to the progressive politician. They would tend to be religious and dirty and opinionated. They would want better beer, better films, better houses, and, possibly, even better government. There is indeed no knowing *what* they would want if they were ever allowed to think about it.

The Taint

By Raymond Bantock

CHARLES TURNER was an only child. His father and mother had found a new interest in life when, almost after they had given up hope, this late offering was brought to them. They renewed their labours on their little farm in Buckinghamshire, happy in the thought that they would hand it over one day to their son as a comfortable livelihood. But it was a sad disappointment to them when their lad showed other ambitions as he grew up, becoming more and more restless from day to day, gazing at the horizon instead of the fields, and confiding to them that his utmost longing was to travel and see the world. Nothing would dissuade him from this, and unable to deny him anything the fond parents at length agreed to his leaving the fold. It seemed to them that they were casting their only treasure into the sea in allowing this boy, aged only nineteen, to abandon his home in the heart of the country, and travel into the unknown mysteries of far-off places. Much against their will they found a vacancy for him in a shipping company, and he was eventually appointed to a post in Singapore as a shipping agent. The fond parents consoled themselves with the thought that he would be sure to tire of the life out there and would be glad to come back and live with them and take over the farm before long. They were nearing sixty-five years of age and would not be able to go on working indefinitely. Young Turner had to sign on for five years, on the expiry of which his fare home was to be paid by the company, and he was to be allowed the choice of making another agreement or resigning.

"Five years among the heathens and savages will be quite enough for the lad," thought the old people, and they made him promise faithfully that he would return to live with them at the end of that time.

"Sow your wild oats, and then come back. You'll surely settle down better when you've seen a bit of the

world and learnt that England's the best place in it," said the old man, although he had never been out of England.

But when the actual day of parting came, the old people found it hard to bear up, especially when they saw the liner carrying all that was dear to them out into the unknown. But they remembered his last words shouted across the water: "I'll be back in five years! I promise! Good-bye till then!"

Young Charles had also felt a sharp pang as he saw the two old people standing there on the quayside and dwindling into the distance. He had never been separated from them before, and for the first time he realized how much they meant to him. He had no real friends besides them. But five years was not long. He would keep his promise.

The new sights and scenes of the journey soon occupied his attention and gave him plenty to think of—Gibraltar, Marseilles, where he smelt the East for the first time, then Port Said and Suez. Each stopping place provided a new thrill. Charles made up his mind that he would fill these five years to the brim with experience. He would see everything worth seeing, do everything worth doing, and make the most of every moment.

Arrived at Singapore, he soon settled down to the customary life led by a single young white man among natives, east of Suez.. But unlike most other young men out there, he was not obliged to think of consolidating his position. He knew that when his agreement expired he had a safe and certain living awaiting him at home. Consequently his life was even more carefree than is usual. He made friends, young men as eager for experience as he was, but, coming from towns, not quite so innocent; and in their company he sowed his wild oats. His salary was small, but his people supplemented it with an allowance out of their savings. He went to the races and flirted with the white women. He drank, gambled, and visited the prostitutes' quarters, not to

excess, but only as all the others did, no more, no less, and always in evening dress! But not having been brought up to indulge in alcohol he never became inured to its effects. Neither did he realize the dangers resulting from over-indulgence in hot climates.

Everything went well for the first three years. He had his own bungalow. Every week he wrote to his parents, and every week they wrote telling him the farm news. He had grown to love them very dearly and was now more than ever steadfast in his intention of returning to live with them on the expiry of his time. He had soon begun to tire of the monotony of life in the Straits Settlements, and having sated himself with "experience," he was able to tell his people truthfully that he, as well as they, was looking forward to his return.

And then happened the event which was to alter the whole course of his life.

One night, after visiting a friend whose bungalow was situated a few miles out of Singapore, he decided to walk back instead of taking a rickshaw. He had had a good deal to drink and he thought the walk would clear his head.

About half-way home on a lonely part of the road he thought he noticed something moving in the shadow of a wall. He moved closer to see what it was, and suddenly found himself staring into the soft, alluring eyes of an unusually beautiful young Malay woman. She was shrouded in a dark mantle, and only her face peered out, her eyes strikingly luminous through the night.

"Come! Come!" She whispered.

There was something tender and poignant in her face that appealed to him, something different from the hard features of the women in the licensed quarter. The effects of the alcohol had not worn off, an exhilarating warmth, a delicious haze suffused his being, and it seemed to him there was something adventurous and romantic about this sudden encounter at night on the lonely road—a new experience. A singularly beautiful

young woman was offering herself to him in a way that no woman had ever done before. In the murky dens of the prostitutes there had always been the sordid bargaining, the sickening commercialism, but here the moonlit, tropical night and the lonely road all contributed to the intoxication of his senses.

"Come! Come!" she whispered again.

Turner led her further into the shadow and took her in his arms. . . .

A few minutes later he took some money from his pocket and offered it to her.

"A little present for you," he said. The soft, languid, luminous eyes gazed at him, but she did not stretch out her hand. She remained silent.

Had he insulted her by offering her money? He held it out again.

"Come on, take it." he said, growing tired of waiting and anxious to be getting home.

Suddenly the woman said in broken English :—

"Put it in my mouth." And she opened her mouth wide.

"Why?" asked Turner, surprised at such a strange request.

"Put it in my mouth," she repeated.

"What do you mean?"

Turner wondered whether she was in her right mind. The woman waited, and then, seeing that he would not accede to her request, she slowly, shyly, unwillingly drew her arms from under her mantle and held them out to him. And in the moonlight he saw that she had no hands but only stumps of arms covered with ulcerating and loathsome sores, with the bones showing through at the ends. He could hardly believe that it was not a ghastly dream. He closed his eyes, but when he opened them again, there was the awful creature standing before him, holding out those horrible decaying stumps and waiting mutely with her eyes almost shut, and her mouth wide open.

He thrust the money into the orifice and fled, not stopping until he had reached his bungalow.

The next morning when he came to his senses he wondered whether or not the whole thing had been a nightmare. But he knew that it was all too true, although he kept trying to convince himself to the contrary. What awful disease was that woman suffering from, and was there any danger of his having contracted it?

He ordered a hot bath and scrubbed himself all over in his eagerness to eradicate every trace of contact. He felt happier when he sat down to breakfast. Later in the day he mentioned to some of his friends that he had seen a woman without hands on his way home the previous night.

"It must have been the leper woman," said one of them. "She lives in a hut somewhere along that road."

The leper woman! Turner had only dim notions then as to what leprosy was, but a terrible fear seized him, and he began to tremble all over. He had seen one or two lepers before, lonely, itinerant beggars, but did not know much about them except that they were shunned by all alike, and that the disease was by many considered to be incurable. But what caused him the greatest anxiety was the rumour he had heard that leprosy was contracted by *touch*, and for that reason most lepers were segregated in colonies in various parts of the world.

"They say," his informant continued, "that she earns her living by offering herself to solitary passers-by at nights; but those who have anything to do with her probably get more than they bargained for."

Turner's blood froze in his veins. He controlled himself with an effort and laughed nervously.

"And what is leprosy?" he asked. "Can it be caught by touch alone?"

"It depends what sort of touch, I should think," said one of his friends.

None of them seemed to know very much more about it, but when they had gone he turned up one or two books on the subject in the library. He read of the gradual living decay of the body, the ulceration, and slow rotting away while the soul murmurs within. But some of the details were so revolting and terrifying that he could not bear to continue and came out of the library trembling.

From that day onwards his life was a nightmare; he dared not tell anyone of his fears, not even a doctor. He consoled himself with whisky and frequently got drunk by himself at nights. He began to shun his friends, fearing they might learn his secret, and soon began to believe that they were treating him likewise because they knew it. Every week or two he would stealthily creep into the library and read the books on leprosy it contained. He explained to the assistant that he was a doctor making a study of the subject. He knew each time that he would come away sickened, trembling with horror, but he was impelled there by a ghastly force which he could not resist, a desire to know the worst, to discover the first symptoms of the loathsome disease, to learn the cure, if any. In one book occurred a passage which constantly lingered in his mind : " And underneath all is the fact that investigators are still cautiously sailing on an uncharted sea. No one knows the whence, the wherefore, and the cure for this disease." He read of the properties of chaulmoogra oil and of its application as a curative agent. He learnt to his dismay that often the disease only revealed itself years after it was contracted. He faced with horror the thought that this terror might hang over him for an indefinite time. If only he could know one way or the other ! Sometimes he even wished that the dreaded spots, the ulceration, would appear so that the suspense would be ended. These thoughts preyed on his mind to such an extent that he began to grow pale and languid and to lose all interest in life. His friends observed the difference in him, and he knew they had noticed it.

Meanwhile he continued his correspondence home with renewed fervour, though, of course, he did not drop the slightest hint of the anxious state of his mind. His interest in returning thither had grown into a definite longing. Now that trouble was upon him he felt more keenly than ever his utter isolation and his absolute reliance on his beloved parents for sympathy and support, although he did not dare to avail himself of it, and he knew that once returned to the bosom of his family and to his quiet homestead in the heart of England, his fears would evaporate.

He was delighted when a month or two later he learnt from his company that in the following January he was to be transferred to their shipping office in Honolulu, in the Hawaiian Islands, for the last six months of his contract, which was to expire the following June.

When the new year dawned he wrote home enthusiastically announcing his departure for Honolulu, and ending with the words: "This year I shall see you," in block letters and heavily underlined.

He was glad to see the last of Singapore. Once removed from its associations the fear of developing the ghastly disease, he thought, would be lessened. But the fear was still there.

In Honolulu he found himself impelled into the public library, with its new books on leprosy, new horrors, new tortures. He made new acquaintances and, whenever possible without attracting undue attention, directed the conversation on to the subject of leprosy. He learnt with a shock that among the Hawaiian Islands was one set apart by the government for use as a leper settlement. Mindelai, it was called.

A morbid curiosity impelled him to find out all he could about this island, but information was difficult to procure. The island itself seemed shrouded in mystery. No visitors were allowed there without a special permit, and it was off the beaten track. He learnt that it could be seen most easily on a clear day from the summit of a

mountain not far from the city of Honolulu, and one day in February he determined to make the ascent.

Strangely enough it was on this very day, in his search for the leper island, that he was to learn his fate.

It was a hot day, and half-way up the mountain side he paused to rest by the side of a stream of pure spring water. His feet seemed unusually tired, and to ease them he decided to bathe them in the clear stream before him. He began to take off his shoes and stockings and was surprised to find that one stocking was wet with blood. He drew it off and discovered to his horror that his right heel was lacerated and bleeding. The flesh was all torn and bruised as if he had been walking over cut glass with bare feet. He stared at the foot and wondered how he could possibly have injured it in that manner; and then a terrible thought dawned upon him. It was not a fear, but a realization, the acknowledgment of a curious and appalling fact. *He felt no pain.* His heel was obviously severely injured. The sight of it nearly made him sick, but he felt—only a strange numbness, nothing more.

He put on his shoes and stockings and made his way down the mountain side as fast as he could. He would have to consult a doctor now. There was nothing else to do. Then at least he would learn the worst.

"To see a doctor; to see a doctor," he kept muttering to himself as he rushed down the slopes in a kind of frenzied stupor. Ghastly thoughts crowded into his brain, and occasionally he felt his knees giving way. But when this happened he mastered himself with a superhuman effort: "Wait, wait till I see a doctor. Let my mind be a blank till then!"

On his return to Honolulu, the doctor, after carefully examining his heel, frowned and looked up curiously.

"Have you any wounds like this anywhere else?"

"Not that I know of," said Turner.

"Let's have a look at you." Turner took off his clothes and the doctor examined him carefully all over.

"No, I can't find anything else," he said when he had finished. "But I don't like the look of this," he went on, indicating Turner's heel. "By the way," he added, looking up suddenly. "Have you ever had anything to do with a leper?"

The blow had come at last—the certainty. Tears came into his eyes and he began to tremble. . . . He could stand it no longer. He burst into sobs and crumpled up in a chair. In broken sentences he told the doctor everything—his intercourse with the leper woman, and his life of constant dread afterwards.

When he had finished, the doctor said:

"I'm very sorry, young man, but I'm afraid it's my duty to report this case to the Medical Officer of Health. You will have to be examined to-morrow by a staff of experts, and if they think fit, as I fear they will, you will have to be detained at the isolation station at Kilaho, and kept under observation and treatment for six months."

"Six months?"

"That is the time fixed by the order of the Board."

"But I'm leaving for home in June," stammered Turner, "and it's now February!"

"If you're ordered to the Isolation Hospital, I'm afraid you won't be able to go home in June. You'll have to stay there for six months."

"And then?"

"If you are declared non-leprous, you will be free to do as you like."

"And if not?"

"Then I'm afraid it'll mean the leper settlement at Mindelai," said the doctor gravely. "But let us hope you'll escape that," he added. "Don't worry unnecessarily. Everything that can be done, will be done for you." He bound up Turner's heel and told him where to present himself on the following day. "For the time being a poisoned heel will be sufficient excuse for your

absence from work. I'll write a note to that effect if you like."

"Is there any hope for me?" asked Turner as he prepared to leave.

"There's always hope," said the doctor sympathetically.

Turner in his utter despair and loneliness felt suddenly drawn towards this doctor as towards a father. It was the first time since he had left home that he had been able to unburden his soul to anyone, or had felt anything approaching parental tenderness.

"Is there any advice you can give me, as a friend, not as a doctor?"

The doctor gazed for a moment into the pathetic, appealing eyes of his unfortunate patient, and then said:

"Make the most of your time before you go before the board to-morrow. That's the only advice I can give you now. Make the most of the time you have, young man, and try and keep up your spirits."

The words sounded like a death knell. Turner knew he was doomed. He could hardly stand up.

"Good-bye, and thank you," he stammered, and then, as a last hope, added: "Are you sure there's nothing else you can tell me, doctor?"

The doctor paused for a moment.

"Yes, there is something more that I had intended to tell you, and it's very important!"

Turner's heart throbbed. Was there just a chance that the doctor might think his diagnosis mistaken, or——?

"Between now and this time to-morrow, don't touch anybody!"

On his return to his lodgings Turner found awaiting him a long letter from his father telling him the usual farm news and emphasizing how much they were looking forward to his return in June. The old man had not been so well of late, he had had a touch of rheumatic

fever, and it was really time his son came home to take over the farm.

"You are all we have in the world, and your mother and I are counting the days till your return. Remember, lad, we are both of us close upon seventy now, and we want to see something of you before we die."

Now, more than ever, the ghastliness of the situation became evident to Turner. The ignominy and disgrace he would have to suffer in the eyes of his fellow officials on being suspected of having contracted the deadly taint was nothing to the thought of how he could face his parents, his only friends, or ever reveal to them his plight. How would they survive such a blow? And he might never see either them, his country, or his home again, for if he were truly a leper, he would be forced to spend the rest of his life in perpetual exile.

He never remembered how he lived through the next twenty-four hours. He had now to prepare himself for the possibility of death, or of what was worse, a living death. He shut himself up in his room and sat up far into the night, going through his papers, and destroying anything he did not wish to be found by others. He packed his belongings, ready for departure. How could a man spend his last day of freedom, his last day of normal natural life?

If only it were proved that he was non-leprous all would be well. It was this hope alone that prevented Turner from losing his reason.

He appeared before the Board the following morning and was consigned, as he had expected, to the isolation station at Kilaho. He accepted the decision philosophically. He arranged for his baggage to be sent on and was taken straight there in an ambulance without saying good-bye to his acquaintances at the office. He preferred that it should be so. He wished to fade quietly out of their lives. He was too ashamed ever to wish to see any of them again. A letter was sent by the Board to the manager of his firm, explaining the position and adding

that it would be impossible according to the strictest regulations for Turner to resume his duties for at least six months. Turner also wrote to the manager telling him how greatly he regretted being unable to fulfil his contract and imploring him not to inform his parents of his plight. He added, as a matter of course, that he felt sure he would be discharged at the end of six months, and would then be happy to make up at the office, before returning home, the time he had lost. His manager replied sympathetically, promising not to inform his parents and excusing him from the last six months of his contract.

As soon as he had taken up his quarters at Kilaho, he set about composing a letter to his parents. Never having wilfully deceived them in his life, it was the most difficult thing he had yet had to do. He began by saying that he was afraid he was going to disappoint them a little, and then went on to say that he had promised, at the earnest request of his manager, to stay on at Honolulu a few months beyond June (the date on which his contract was to terminate), owing to the death of one of the staff and the difficulty of finding a really efficient man to replace him. He assured them that he would be home by the end of the year at the latest, and earnestly asked them to forgive him for having agreed to this proposal without having previously consulted them. "It will be my last chance of ever seeing these wonderful islands," he added, although in reality he would have given anything to have seen the last of them, "and I'm sure you won't grudge me a few months longer. The climate here is more like that of the Garden of Eden than I could ever have imagined!"

He sent off the letter, writhing inwardly at the bitter irony of his fate. It would tide him over the next six months at Kilaho at any rate, and if only he were released at the end of that time, he could safely return home without their knowing anything of his disgrace. But if he were not released? If he were sent to

Mindelai? . . . He dared not think of that. He would have to hope for the best.

The isolation station was situated on a cliff overlooking the sea, a few miles beyond Kilaho, a small hamlet which was itself some ten miles from Honolulu. It stood alone in its own grounds, which were surrounded by a high wall. On the land side were the majestic slopes of a volcanic mountain, one of the highest on the island. No other buildings were near. The cost of upkeep and of looking after the patients was entirely borne by the government.

Turner was installed in a small whitewashed room, and twice a day he was visited by a doctor and given the treatment, which was extremely painful and unpleasant. He was obliged to swallow large doses of chaulmoogra oil, a most nauseating compound. The first few drops made him sick at once, and it was only after a week's perseverance that he was able to retain it. And each day the dose of this disgusting and horrible liquid was increased. They forced it down his throat until he was just on the point of bringing it up again. This oil was also injected in large quantities subcutaneously, another painful process. He often begged to be excused from the full treatment altogether when he felt that the pain and discomfort were beyond his powers of endurance.

"You can refuse the treatment, if you like," said the doctor, "but by so doing you are minimizing your chances of recovery."

Turner learnt that quite thirty per cent. of the inmates had refused the treatment, preferring to submit to fate rather than endure the torture it entailed.

"But have I any chance of recovery?" he asked.

"Of course, you have."

"Am I a leper then?"

"We can't say that at present. We shall have to watch the progress and development of your case," replied the doctor guardedly.

"Are you treating me for leprosy then?"

"Er—yes—we are doing that. For if you have contracted it, we can, we hope, lessen its effect by early treatment."

"But can leprosy be cured?"

"Oh, well, we are experimenting with various processes. Every day we get better results with those who consent to treatment. We have been able in some cases to check the ravages of the disease, and—er—some of the patients are allowed to return to their homes at the end of their six months here. Not everyone who comes here has to go on to Mindelai. Quite a number are discharged, you know."

"How many? What percentage?"

"Oh, it varies."

The doctor would say no more. Then Turner remembered what he had read in a library book: "Careful physicians will not speak of cures, but only of arrested cases." And then again: "And underneath all is the fact that investigators are still sailing cautiously on an uncharted sea."

An uncharted sea!

There were about 120 inmates in the institution when Turner arrived, most of them Hawaiians, with a sprinkling of other races, only two being whites. They were closely guarded, escape being impossible. They were all males, there being a similar institution for women in another part of the island. These virtual prisoners took their meals together in a common room; each had his own platter, and spoon, knife and fork, which he was obliged to wash after each meal and keep in a special locker. There were many regulations by the strict enforcement of which discipline was maintained. Disregard of them was punished by solitary confinement and a reduction of the rations of cigarettes and other small luxuries. The regulation which was obeyed most conscientiously by nearly all the inmates, stipulated that, "No person shall touch his neighbour." Although they were all potential lepers it was very natural that each hoped

that he was one of those who would be discharged as non-leprous at the end of six months. Each, therefore, regarded every other inmate as a source of contagious infection. When any two encountered each other in a narrow passage or doorway, they would shrink from each other with a polite gesture, under which was hidden boundless fear and loathing!

One of the whites was a Russian who spoke English tolerably well; he had arrived there two months previously, and Turner soon struck up an acquaintance with him.

"What real hope has either of us?" he asked him one day.

"Just enough to keep us alive while we're here, I suppose," replied the Russian grimly.

"The doctor told me that quite a number were discharged, but he wouldn't tell me what percentage."

"About eighty-five per cent. go to Mindelai."

"My God! Is it as much as that? . . . Well, at any rate, we've all got fifteen chances in every hundred," said Turner trying to make the best of it.

The Russian burst into a fit of laughter. There was something so horrible in the sound of it that Turner felt cold all over.

"What the devil are you laughing at?"

The Russian did not reply, but went on chuckling to himself for a long time. At last he said:—

"I said eighty-five per cent. go to Mindelai."

"Well, that means fifteen per cent. are discharged, doesn't it?"

"It means," said the Russian, gloating over his words, "that fifteen per cent. don't go to Mindelai." He stared at Turner, curiously, enjoying his secret.

"For God's sake tell me what you're driving at! Aren't those fifteen per cent. discharged?"

"About twelve per cent. never leave here at all!"

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Well, they do in a sense. They're shifted to another establishment not far off."

"Where?"

"Up on the hillside there." The Russian pointed to a white patch some way up on the wooded mountain side.

Although he had not asked what it was, Turner had often noticed that cold patch of white stone up there. It had remained white long after the winter snows had melted, and, surrounded as it now was by green verdure, it imparted to the landscape a strange chill that no summer's sun could ever dispel.

"The cemetery!"

The Russian suddenly burst into tears which contrasted strangely with his previous laughter.

"Three per cent.," thought Turner. "Three out of a hundred!"

But even if it had been one out of a hundred, he would have hoped. The smaller the hope, the more intense it became.

Turner went on hoping as the weeks passed, although the ulceration of his heel grew steadily worse. He continued writing to his parents regularly every week. He had arranged for his letters to be forwarded to him from his old address. But each week he found it more difficult to keep up the cruel and ironic deception. His letters became shorter and more stereotyped.

"I know you'll excuse these short letters," he wrote, "but as I shall soon be home now, it doesn't seem worth while writing at great length. I shall have all the more to tell you when I return. But write me long, long letters, please, and tell me all about yourselves and the farm."

He knew he was a gambler staking all on one card. But it was worth it, and he was consoled by the thought that it was the only thing he could do. Three chances out of a hundred and he was saved! He would return home and they would know nothing.

The weekly letter from home was the one thing he

looked forward to, the one real pleasure left him. His mother wrote at length and described in detail the room she was preparing for him, the pictures, the colour of the curtains. After reading these letters he would let his mind run back, and dream of the past. He imagined himself home again and his mother pouring out the tea, and through the window came the drone of a summer's day in the country. . . .

One day, after he had been at Kilaho a few weeks, he was told that he was wanted in the superintendent's office. "Two friends have called to see you," he was told.

He was led to the visitors' reception room. At one end of this, behind a glass screen he saw Evans and Reynolds, two of his associates in the office at Honolulu. They were not friends of his; he had hardly been there long enough to make any, even if he had wanted to. Nevertheless, it gave him quite a shock to see them—these links with the outside world, links, however indirect, with all that he knew and loved of life. The glass screen was specially designed to enable inmates of the institution to see and converse with friends and visitors. There was an open shutter above which made it possible for the sound of voices to penetrate from one side to the other, and *vice versa*, but no contact of any kind was possible.

Evans and Reynolds were sitting there behind the screen, nervously fumbling with their hands in their pockets, when Turner arrived.

"Hullo, Turner!"

"It's very decent of you chaps to come and see me," said Turner.

"Well, we thought we'd come and see how you were getting on," said Reynolds.

"Very decent of you," said Turner in a voice quivering with emotion. He wondered why they both kept their hands in their pockets.

"We'd have come before, but it was difficult to get

off, and visitors are only allowed once a week," said Evans. " Pretty dull, I suppose, isn't it? "

" One gets used to it," said Turner.

" Well, there's only another four months now. You'll soon be back at the office again."

" Only another four months now," said Turner.

" We've brought you one or two of the latest newspapers and magazines from home. I'm not sure if you get them here. We thought they'd interest you," said Reynolds.

" Thanks, awfully."

His two visitors took parcels from their pockets and then Turner saw that they were both wearing gloves!

Evans and Reynolds came to see him two or three more times, but their visits soon ceased. And Turner was glad. It was painful for all concerned.

Gradually the months wore on. On the tenth of every month those whose time was up learnt their fate, and on the eleventh the special steamer left Kilaho for Mindelai, bearing nearly all of them away. It was a terrifying moment, that day when some twenty eager tortured souls learnt their doom, knowing beforehand that only one, or at the most two, of their number might be released. And heartrending, too, was the scene on the following day when the boat left. All on board knew that they would never return. It was a setting out for the island of death, the only difference being that it was a living death, and above all that there was company there. It was a translation to a new planet, a half-way house between this world and the next. But there was not that terrible final extinction which death brings. There at least one could carry one's memories and one's mind intact, and defy oblivion for a while. It was this alone that made the thought possible.

Once there the horrible disease would gradually eat into their bodies. Some would live only a year or two more, others were known to have survived on the island for as many as ten, but the same ultimate fate was in

store for all. The disintegration of the human frame, the rotting away of limbs and eyes would continue, slowly, insidiously, inevitably, almost imperceptibly. But there was a compromise. Staring death in the face all day long, one could still live, and feel no pain.

"See you again soon! We shall meet again before long," were the words shouted across the water as the boat left.

From a window overlooking the sea Turner watched the steamer slowly disappear, on the appointed day each month, towards that mysterious black spot on the horizon, the island of Mindelai. And deep down in his soul he knew that one day he, too, would be of that company.

For as the days went on he gradually began to realize the inevitability of his fate, and to reconcile himself to this truce with death.

As his time came nearer, longing for definiteness, he kept asking the chief doctor whether or not his case was acknowledged as leprosy. But the reply was always the same:—

"It is the invariable rule here to announce our final diagnosis only after the completion of the six months' period. On the tenth of July we shall tell you."

Turner was therefore left to draw his own conclusions. And this was not difficult in consideration of the unmistakable signs that manifested themselves on his person. The ulceration on his heel grew steadily, though imperceptibly, worse, and after he had been there four months, fresh white numb spots appeared on his calf and elbow. The doctor did not appear at all surprised when Turner pointed them out to him one day.

"I noticed those three weeks ago," he said; "and you've another beginning there," he continued, "on your toe."

It was a cruel blow. Nevertheless, Turner still continued heroically with the treatment. There were days when he felt he simply could not bear it any longer, and took a holiday from it. But the following

day he would invariably resume the nauseating draughts and painful injections of oil. He knew they were only experimenting on him all the time. They were doing their best for him, it was true, but it was a losing game.

And throughout all this he kept up the sham correspondence with his beloved parents, mechanically, almost involuntarily, through force of habit.

When at last the tenth of July dawned he had quite reconciled himself to the idea of going to the lazaretto at Mindelai. He had purposely prepared his mind for it so that the news would not come as a shock, and had brought himself to such a state that he would feel the shock only if he were set at liberty.

On that fateful day, every month at eleven o'clock, a list of those who were to prepare themselves for departure for Mindelai was posted up in the common room. After breakfast Turner did not stay with the crowd that were waiting, but went straight to his cubicle and started packing up his possessions and tying in bundles his treasured letters from home, occasionally re-reading some of them.

Suddenly he heard a buzz of voices and a noise of shouting growing nearer. Then he could distinguish two names shouted out aloud and often repeated. They were the names of the two who were to be released. He listened. . . . His name was not one of them, of course. He knew it.

The two lucky men quickly snatched up their bundles already packed and made their way for the entrance, their haste being due to fear of the envy of their less fortunate comrades as much as to eagerness for freedom. Turner, watching from his window, saw the two men run down the hillside, scampering, leaping wildly, involuntarily in the unbelievable ecstasy of freedom. One of them dropped something from a bundle, but he did not stop to pick it up.

They never looked back!

Then a terrible silence crept over the place, broken

occasionally by sounds of low moaning. The officials had already collected all knives, forks and sharp instruments from the doomed prisoners, and placed them under special observation as a precaution against suicide, and now they were given orders to pack up all their belongings and to prepare themselves for embarkation on the following morning at ten o'clock.

Turner, who had lain awake the previous night, lay down on his bed. A strange peace, the restfulness of certainty had come to him and he fell into a deep, untroubled, dreamless sleep.

It was late in the afternoon when he awoke. He got up and quietly entered the common room and looked at the list of names posted up that morning. He saw his own among the seventeen others doomed for Mindelai. He asked to see the doctor.

"I'm sorry, old chap," said the latter as soon as he came in. "I'm afraid there was no doubt about the diagnosis in your case. . . . But you can go on with the treatment over there, you know."

Turner went out at once without having uttered a word.

He felt strangely calm. He had experienced no shock on hearing the news and he congratulated himself on his cleverness in managing the affair so well by preparing himself first. He even felt happy, and he smiled inwardly.

But that evening when he went for his last walk in the walled-in garden, and, standing on a favourite hillock from which he could see over the wall to the sea, looked westwards towards that part of the horizon beyond which he thought his England lay, he suddenly felt his eyes filling with tears, and a great surge of anguish completely overcame him. The tears rolled down his cheeks and he did not attempt to check them. He realized that there was something terrible gnawing at his heart. It was not the fear of the life before him, the dread of the disease or the thought of the complete separation from the world. He accepted all these now without a pang. . . . It was the thought of the blow to

his beloved parents—the only sacred thing he possessed, when they learnt the truth, as they assuredly must now, sooner or later. That was the ultimate and ineradicable disgrace!

The next morning Turner was marched down with the other sharers of his fate to the quayside and embarked with his luggage on the waiting steamer. On its bow he saw its name. It was called, ironically enough, "The Quest." On board were waiting about twenty female lepers, from the women's isolation station, destined also for Mindelai. The steamer had called for them earlier in the morning. It was the first time he had seen a woman during the last six months. They were Hawaiians mostly, and of all ages. Though the sexes were separated at the isolation stations, at Mindelai they mingled freely. There were no more precautions to be taken; no longer was there any fear of their touching each other—since they were all tarred with the same brush.

The vessel got under weigh, and soon the shore of Kilaho and the waving hands from the windows of the gloomy prison where he had spent the last six months faded into the distance. It was a six hours' journey.

Turner paced the deck. He watched the mingling of the sexes; there were a few reunions of husband and wife or of friends, but in most cases, especially among the younger, there was the usual striking up of acquaintanceship, the separating into couples, the beginning of flirtations. There was, however, an unusual eagerness and intensity in this sudden outburst of the animal mating instincts that disgusted him, and he held aloof from it. It seemed to him that some of these young couples were hastening to "get fixed up" before arrival in Mindelai, before the chance of competition from older and more experienced inhabitants of the island was possible.

Mindelai drew nearer. Turner watched carefully as they drew closer. He knew he would never again see it *from the outside!*

Mindelai had been chosen as a leper settlement on account of its peculiar configuration. It was about ten miles in length and five in average breadth. On every side were precipitous cliffs descending perpendicularly to the sea, and sometimes rising two thousand feet in one sweep, a great rock standing out of the sea like a castle, a terrifying and grand spectacle! Some of the crags reached a height of four thousand feet, but at a height of some two thousand feet there was an extensive tableland where most of the lepers dwelt, and from which descent to the sea was only possible by means of one steep and narrow pathway which led down to the one inlet the island possessed. The entrance to this inlet was narrow and bounded on either side by stupendous cliffs. It was a sort of winding grotto leading to a basin hollowed out by Nature in the interior of the island. Here there was a narrow landing-stage and sloping fields of fairly level ground about fifteen acres in area. This was the only part of the island surface close to the sea-level. Mindelai was therefore impregnable, and not a soul could enter or leave except by means of the narrow cliff path leading down to the landing-stage.

As the boat drew nearer, the island grew more and more like an immense fortress in appearance, and the vessel seemed to be heading for the base of a perpendicular and impenetrable cliff. It was only when they were quite near that Turner discovered the narrow crevice-like entrance to the harbour. They entered this and proceeded along the gorge flanked on either side by precipices. Not a sign of life was visible anywhere until at last they rounded a corner and saw the landing-stage and a small crowd of people awaiting them. They had entered a vast cauldron, resembling the crater of an extinct volcano. A few houses were scattered on the slopes leading down to the water, but all around were frowning cliffs, the sea being no longer visible.

Turner looked about him. It was a scene of wild and desolate grandeur.

This, then, was to be his resting place for the remainder of his life. . . . And even when he died his bones and dust would have to remain here until the end of time!

Quite a new order of things awaited Turner when he was settled on the island, a complete change after the last six months. The strangest thing of all was the "freedom." He, in common with all the other inhabitants, was allowed to go anywhere he liked in the island. He felt almost as free as he had been before he went to Kilaho. He realized that every soul in the world is confined to certain limits, even if it is to the surface of a planet, and that most people are content to enjoy themselves within those limits without seeking to fly to other planets. Mindelai was a world of its own—a new and smaller world—but a free one, and Turner marvelled at the way human nature was able to adapt itself cheerfully to its new limits.

Each leper on arrival was allotted a little bungalow on the plateau with a plot of land attached. Food, clothing and all necessaries were supplied free of charge, and, if he wished, he could spend the rest of his days in complete idleness at the expense of the Hawaiian Government and the various charitable institutions who financed and organized the settlement. All were encouraged to work in their gardens, and the climate was such that those who chose to do so were soon rewarded with a verdurous little paradise, all their own. Most of the officials on the island were themselves lepers, and at regular intervals Government inspectors were sent from the mainland on tours of inspection. There was a large and well-equipped hospital where all who wished could continue the nauseating treatment they had begun on the mainland; but this was entirely voluntary, and very few availed themselves of it. Quite a number did so at first, but after a few weeks on the island most of them lapsed into the dreamy, easygoing atmosphere of the place and resigned themselves to their fate, letting the disease take its course. What was the use of continuing the treatment where a cure was never mentioned, and where one was

really nothing more than a living carcase on which the doctors practised their experiments? The hospital, therefore, had long since fallen into disrepair, and only a few rooms and a small dispensary were kept going for the "benefit" of those "cranks" who still believed in the efficacy of the treatment. It was an imposing structure, even in its ruin, a sort of show place, pointed out to visitors as an example of the good intentions of the Hawaiian Government. Very few visitors, however, were allowed on the island. Once every month a boat-load of them came from the mainland, but they were not allowed to go beyond the landing-stage. Here, in a specially appointed room, through a glass screen that prevented any contact, they were permitted to talk to their leper friends or relations for one hour. At the end of this time, the boat returned with its load. It was only rarely that visitors were allowed to penetrate farther into the island. These were mostly wealthy and privileged tourists from abroad who had no friends there, but who, through special influence with the authorities on the mainland, had received permission to satisfy their morbid craving to see something "out of the ordinary" on their tour of the islands. They were warned of the risk they were running, and only the most daring undertook the adventure.

The great majority of the seven hundred lepers on Mindelai were Hawaiians. There was a sprinkling of Japanese and Chinese, but only a very few whites, mostly Southern Europeans. There was only one other Englishman there when Turner arrived. His arrival on the island as a leper was therefore quite an unusual occurrence, and it was some time before the inhabitants realized that he was "one of them," and not a privileged visitor. Wherever he went the other lepers eyed him with a cold, envious, repellent stare. "What do you want to come here and gaze at our misery for? You clean, lucky one! How I hate and loathe you!" their looks seemed to say. And when he gave them to understand that he

was a leper, too, and attempted to grasp them by the hand to show it, how their looks changed! A sudden terrible light came into their faces, a glint of satisfaction and gladness, a smile, not of sympathy or comradeship, but of recognition and gloating triumph. "So you, too, are one of us! Fancy, an Englishman!" And they would stand round him in admiration and wonder, hardly able to believe it, leering into his face with the leer of the tainted brethren!

But most terrible of all were the sights of deformity and living decay that surrounded him. At the isolation station Turner had only seen lepers in the preliminary stages of the disease, but now the loathsome horror was openly spread around on every side in all stages of development. Men and women whose hands and feet were bandaged stumps, whose fingers, toes, and ears were rotting away; blind faces which were nothing more than one undulating purple sore; others, whose mouths were great gashed-in triangles, seeming to fill the whole countenance from eyes to chin; creatures whose age and race it was impossible to tell, whose heads were mere featureless lumps.

And Turner knew that he would one day come to that state! He found it hard to believe that such creatures could continue to exist. But that was the terror of the scourge that decays but does not kill. For lepers do not die of leprosy. The process sometimes goes on for years, slowly, insidiously, and painlessly on the whole, until their systems are so corroded and weakened that they succumb to some intercurrent disease which they cannot resist.

(*Continued on page 224.*)

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE Lausanne Conference has overshadowed all other events in the international sphere during the past few weeks, and the exact meaning of what was settled, or not settled, there seems likely to be a subject for discussion for some time to come. So far as the Conference affects Great Britain it has been explained elsewhere in this REVIEW, but the European aspect is worthy of equally careful consideration.

The first impression is that German diplomacy has won a notable triumph, and Von Papen has proved himself the equal of Stresemann and Brüning in the matter of converting a lost war into a victorious one. From the point of view of the Allies the initial mistake was to delay so long in fixing the amount that Germany was to pay, and then of naming an impossibly high sum. In consequence of this concessions had to be made, and one concession has led to another, until the present situation has been reached when not only the war, but the victory as well, has been liquidated. Very cleverly, successive German Governments have used one concession as the precedent for obtaining another, and now that there is no more to be obtained on the financial side, the same methods will be employed to secure the modification of the territorial arrangements made at Versailles. German diplomacy would never have been able to achieve such a victory had the Allies had the sense to follow the example of the statesmen of 1815, that is to say had they fixed a reasonable sum and stuck to it.

The History of Reparations

THE original figure, which meant an annuity of £330,000,000, was never paid, nor anything remotely approaching it, and in 1924 it was reduced by the Dawes Plan to £125,000,000. This scheme, however, broke down in its fifth year, and the Young Plan took its place. Under this Germany was to have paid, for thirty-six

years, annuities averaging £106,000,000, and subsequently, for another twenty-two years, smaller annuities in the neighbourhood of £80,000,000. Last year the Hoover Moratorium granted Germany relief from any payment at all as between July 1, 1931, and July 1, 1932.

Now Germany is to provide bonds to the value of £150,000,000, so that the original figure has been modified from an annuity of £330,000,000 to one of £7,500,000, and, such being the case, it is little wonder that the Nazis are arguing that all Berlin has now to do is to make a firm stand and there will be no necessity of paying anything at all. In this connection it is not without interest to note that the Treaty of Frankfurt, which terminated the Franco-German War of 1870–71, stipulated for a payment by France of £200,000,000, and this figure was not modified in any way.

The Attitude of France

FRENCH opinion is naturally more than a little concerned at what has happened at Lausanne, though she owes it to M. Herriot that the situation, so far as she is concerned, is not even worse. Had he yielded, as Mr. MacDonald was prepared to do, to the German demand that the " war-guilt clauses " of the Treaty of Versailles should be expunged he would have consented to the abolition of reparations altogether, for if Germany did not begin the war there is no reason why she should make reparation for it. Then, again, the agreement is not to be ratified until a settlement has been made with the United States, so that France has not abandoned all claim in law to her expectations under the Young Plan without having come to an arrangement with Washington.

Still, there can be no disguising the fact that France is seriously perturbed at what has happened. She does not believe that Germany will ever pay another penny, and with distress increasing rapidly at home she foresees herself faced by a neighbour with no internal debt, and with her factories thoroughly modernized by borrowed

money. In fine, France does not regard the Lausanne Conference as ushering in "a new dawn" so far as its decisions affect her. The ordinary Frenchman also feels that before concluding a gentleman's agreement it is well to be quite sure that you are dealing with gentlemen.

America and Lausanne

AN American correspondent writes as follows:—"Americans who are working for the cancellation of war debts view the events at Lausanne with some distaste, for the "Gentleman's Agreement" does not lighten their task of persuading their fellow-countrymen. There are three possible courses among which the debtor nations can choose; but so far they have refrained from choosing any of them. The three courses are: (*a*) to pay the debts; (*b*) to repudiate the debts; (*c*) to conciliate America with a view to getting the debts remitted. Assuming that the first is out of the question, the choice narrows to one of the other two. Clearly, the disadvantages of setting an example of repudiation are so great that this course should be avoided if possible. Why, then, do the politicians refuse to consider course number three? It almost seems as if they must have convinced themselves with their chatter about all the world's ills being the result of war debts, and that therefore they are so indignant at America for refusing to be convinced along with them that they find a conciliatory attitude impossible. Be this as it may, it is certain that unless they can stoop to conciliate they will have to repudiate. The United States will never remit the debts so long as she is treated like a tedious child, who, though too swollen to be spanked, may be expected to feel ashamed if gazed at with sufficient disapproval."

The American Case

"THE process of conciliating America would be neither difficult nor undignified. There are three not unreasonable arguments that the friends of debt-revision

always meet in the United States, and in order to make any headway with American opinion the debtor nations must take these arguments into account. The first is that the Allies, during the war, refused subsidies from the United States, and insisted on *bona fide* loans, in order to be free to make their own peace terms, and that having made this refusal, and concocted their own peace, it is unreasonable to turn on the United States and treat her as either an idiot or a Jew for regarding the debts as debts, and not as subsidies. The second argument is that England, the chief debtor nation, has not repudiated a penny of her domestic loans, and that, if she is really unable to raise money, she might begin by putting the burden on her war-debt holders at home. And the third argument is that until Europe is willing to make a more substantial contribution to disarmament, there must be something a little fishy about the talk of poverty."

"These arguments are not convincing, but neither are they ridiculous. The first two, however, are never even alluded to in Europe; and in regard to the third—when the Americans present what they regard (however wrongly) as a genuine contribution to disarmament—Sir John Simon greets it not with reasoned argument, but with the pitying but friendly smile that a schoolmaster might give to a not-too-terrible essay on How I Spent My Holidays. The schoolmaster, however, would not follow up this treatment by demanding a large gift."

The Democratic Convention

"'AND I thought politics was partly honest,' cried a disgruntled Texan delegate when he found that his 'vote' had been handed over to Mr. Roosevelt. A study of the recent Democratic National Convention should protect Americans from thinking anything so foolish in the future. There have been times when the Democrats, being poorer and less organized than the Republicans, have been driven to a kind of rough honesty in their nominating conventions. When there was

nobody on hand to boss or buy them, delegates in desperation have voted for the candidate whom they preferred; but this year no such amateurishness was permitted. There were too many ancient grudges to be paid off; and however inefficient the party leaders may be in the service of their country, personal animosity brings out all their talent."

"In the 1924 Convention, 'Al' Smith fought the thin-faced Mr. McAdoo to a standstill, preventing him from handing the Democratic Party to the Prohibitionists; and one of the proudest features of Mr. Smith's career is his long enmity with Mr. William Randolph Hearst. But in the present Convention Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Hearst controlled the Garner votes. And when it looked as if Mr. Smith might have his way, might block Mr. Roosevelt and nominate his own candidate—presumably Governor Ritchie of Maryland—there was revealed the motive for this alliance of Blifil and Black George, of the puritan McAdoo and the injurious Hearst; the Garner delegates awoke to find they were voting for Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Garner is nominated for vice-president. Mr. McAdoo can choose between party support if he stands for the Senate, or a place in the cabinet if Mr. Roosevelt wins. What Mr. Hearst pulled out of the grab-bag is not yet fully known; but one may be sure that if Mr. Hearst wanted it, it must be shocking."

The Disarmament Tangle

EACH Power at Geneva has now put forward a scheme of disarmament which has the effect, perhaps unintentionally, of inconveniencing its neighbours without seriously weakening itself. The United States made one of those sweeping gestures of which it is so fond, the rest of the world expressed its approval in varying degrees of cordiality, and then proceeded to draw red herrings across Washington's trail. That is the history of the last few weeks of the Disarmament Conference in a nutshell.

What stands in the way of disarmament on land is the French Republic, not, let it be hastily added, France or the French people. France could reduce her army from 468,000 to 250,000 to-morrow if the politicians would allow it to be upon a professional basis, and the rest of Europe would have to follow suit. To speak of the present French army as a danger to Europe is the veriest nonsense, for it is little better than an armed and badly-trained militia. It exists, and by its existence prevents disarmament, to please the French Left, who know perfectly well that a professional force would almost certainly mean the end of the present regime.

In any event disarmament is not going to improve the financial and economic condition of the world to a marked extent, for money spent upon armaments is at any rate spent inside the country concerned, and the armaments themselves create employment. It is all very well for pacifists to descant upon unproductive expenditure, but if a man is not with the colours, and cannot get work, he has to be given some sort of dole, which is surely less productive than paying him a wage to learn to defend his country. In fine, even if disarmament in some modified form does come it would be foolish to expect any immediate benefit, unless prosperity has returned first.

The American Naval Obsession

IN a changing world the American love of the big ship remains unaltered. It is true that naval opinion in every country is in favour of vessels of smaller tonnage, but the United States is quite unaffected. Is it, perhaps, because Washington keeps a navy for show, not for use, and thinks that the bigger the ship, the more convinced the taxpayer will be that he is getting value for money? Or is it because the American naval experts have really persuaded their Government that super-battleships have necessarily a greater radius of action than smaller ships? Or is it merely because Washington

knows that a further reduction in numbers as opposed to aggregate tonnage is impracticable for this country?

Whatever the reason may be, the American naval authorities are determined that if their misguided public wants big and useless ships we shall have big and useless ships, too. Why the British authorities should pay so much deference to Washington in these matters is a problem for which no adequate explanation has yet been furnished.

A Notable Book

IT has been given to few men, even in France, that land of intellectual versatility, to play as many parts as M. Charles Benoist has done, and the first volume of his eagerly awaited *Souvenirs*, which the Librairie Plon has just published, covering the period 1883–1893, throws new light on more than one subject. A member of the staff, first of the *Temps*, and then of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, deputy for Paris, Minister of France at The Hague, and finally political mentor to the young Comte de Paris, the Dauphin of the French Royalists, M. Benoist, in writing his memoirs, has been able to draw upon an experience that is exceptionally rich.

Journalism leads to everything across the Channel, and such a book as this shows why it should be so. When M. Benoist was in Rome for the *Temps* he was, in a sense, the representative, not only of his paper, but also of France, and he soon acquired a position in the Italian capital to which no modern British journalist could hope to aspire. Those were the days when Crispi was in office, and M. Benoist takes a far more favourable view of the Sicilian statesman than has been entertained by most recent writers. Indeed, he goes so far as to compare him with Mussolini, saying: "*Crispi fut une première ébauche de Mussolini . . . fut un Mussolini manqué, ou si l'on préfère prendre la comparaison à rebours, Mussolini est un Crispi complet.*"

M. Benoist met everyone worth knowing in the Rome of that day, and he records his impressions of them in that succinct style of which he is perhaps the greatest master among living Frenchmen. He shows us the Prince Napoleon, "Plon-Plon," as another George IV, and he gives us a sketch of Cardinal Rampolla that depicts him in a way that few full-length portraits have done. Giolitti (" *on ne l'imaginait pas sans crêpe à son chapeau* "), Jules Simon, Bismarck, Pasquale Villari, and a score of others are to be met in this book, which in future will have to be read by all who aspire to be good Europeans.

The Church and the Third Republic

UNDOUBTEDLY the most important part of M. Benoist's work is that which deals with the policy of the *ralliement*. It is revealed here how Pius IX sent Cardinal Lavigerie to urge the Comte de Chambord to take possession of the French throne, which was then his for the asking, and upon the latter's refusal being communicated to him the Pope exclaimed : " *Ah ! che scempiaccio. Perde se stesso e perde noi !* " It was only after this that the Church began to envisage the possibility of an arrangement with the republic, and it was not until the Comte de Chambord was dead without heirs that any definite steps were taken in this direction.

M. Benoist records several audiences with Leo XIII in the course of which the *ralliement* was discussed, and it is perfectly clear that there was an understanding by which, while the Pope was to dissuade the faithful in France from opposing the regime, the latter promised to refrain from anti-clerical legislation. Leo XIII kept his part of the bargain, but the republicans did not keep theirs. The Pope then sought, but without much success, to found something in the nature of a Centre party in France to safeguard the interests of religion. In view of the treatment which France meted out to the Church at this time she had only herself to blame if the immediate successors of Leo XIII were distinctly less friendly.

The importance of this incident is by no means purely historical, for recently there has been another attempt at reconciliation between the Church and the republic and if for *ralliement* be substituted the condemnation of the *Action Française* the comparison is exact. It is early yet to speak of the results of this, but there are not wanting those who say that the Church has been cheated again. The question of the schools has still to be fought to a finish, and when that time comes it may well be found that the cause of the altar is still bound up with that of the throne.

Portuguese Politics

THE death of King Manuel has little political significance, for he had long ceased to interest himself in the politics of his country, although on more than one occasion he would merely have had to set foot in Portugal to have been carried back to the throne on a wave of popular enthusiasm. It would be idle to pretend that the attitude which he adopted was popular with his supporters, and it did a great deal to discredit the monarchist cause.

The way is now clear for the legitimate heir, Dom Duarte of Braganza, who is quite a young man, for he was only born in 1907. He is the direct descendant of King Miguel, who reigned from 1828 to 1834, and in law his claim to the throne was preferable to that of the late King Manuel. As for his chances of regaining it, they are not easily assessed in view of the fact that it is only now, the first time for a century, the Portuguese Royalists have become united, and their strength is uncertain.

Dom Duarte will have to display more energy than King Manuel ever showed if he is to become King *de facto* as well as *de jure*.

The Pauper in the Palace

By Martin Armstrong

THE oldest human things, the things, I mean, that give the deepest sense of age, are not prehistoric arrow-heads, bronze brooches, things long disused, nor places disused, uninhabited—the pyramids, temples, barrows, earthworks. They are the places where people still live humbly and squalidly among the ruins of a greater past or where old systems continue unchanged and unbroken, places such as you see in Italy and Spain. As when in Tuscany you see a peasant with a yoke of oxen and a plough with a wooden share, more primitive than the plough of Virgil's Georgics; or when in Southern Spain you meet droves of laden mules and donkeys, slowly making their ways, single file, up and down the vast, barren, featureless, aromatic hillsides or the stony tracks that zigzag along steep places. So, you feel, have things been since near the beginning of time. Except when men carried their own burdens, there never was a more primitive form of transport than this slow, unceasing, patient, wasteful coming and going of beasts laden with gravel, dung, vegetables or refuse. The process goes on all day, infinitely slow, infinitely persistent, like a slow circulation of blood in the gnarled and barren body of Spain.

And at Ronda, Cordova, Granada, in the meaner quarters and outskirts of the town, you see people living in the tumbling ruins of Moorish palaces and castles, in hovels built of the rubble and refuse of the remote past, of stones and bricks and fragments of brick set up, thrown down, crumbled, built up again—who can say how many times? There is something horrible and also grimly impressive and beautiful in this spawning of new life among the wreckage of death and desolation. It is as though life, like a long-buried seed, germinated again of its own motion where life had been before; and you think of these creatures of the ruins as of ants who have

busily made their heap out of the scattered remnants of antheaps of the past.

Spain is full of such antheaps. They huddle under the walls of old cities, straggle along stony hillsides, once populous, sprawl about the skirts of still flourishing towns, where they seem the last ebb of a dying civilization. Their inhabitants, often gipsies, are the parasites clinging to a carcase, the mere skin and bone of old grandeurs, old nobilities. Where the Moors ruled and built their airy palaces, where the Christian kings drove them out and transformed their works to their own uses, where time and change conquered these in turn, these antheaps, humble, squalid and gay, flourish among the ruins.

Such things you see at Granada, on the Albaicín, the hill that rises opposite the hill of the Alhambra. The Alhambra is a clean and quiet hamlet straggling about the walls of the palace, but the Albaicín is a crowded, noisy town. Leaning over the low wall that bounds one side of the little Plaza de los Aljibes on the Alhambra, you look straight down into the Albaicín across the gorge of the rushing Darro. A huddled mass of brown pantiled roofs and white walls, seamed by vertical and horizontal alleys, climbs the hillside. You could lean there all day, listening to the Albaicín, watching it, mesmerized by the soft pervasive hush of the river. The Albaicín swarms with life. At certain hours of the day the children break loose; they yell shrilly and incessantly, like swarms of sparrows, as they play in the streets or along the muddy margins of the river below the parapet wall; and from your perch on the Alhambra you hear not individual voices, but a continuous gay hubbub that, mixed with the breezy voice of the water, rises, sublimated by height and clear air, from the empty hollow of the gorge.

Sometimes a flock of goats comes awkwardly down one of the steep lanes, reaches the valley, and is driven across the bridge that links the Albaicín to the Alhambra, an invasion of giant black beetles; for, seen from above,

each goat, with its black staggering shadow attached to it by four feet, looks in the brilliant sunshine like a huge sprawling cockroach. To your right the town straggles out, midway up the steep, in a single street where many of its dwellings—the homes of gipsies—are caves in the hillside, caves closed by a white wall with door and windows. Here and there a chimneypot sprouts out of the earth from the cave-kitchen below. Rough paths straggle over the now bare hillside, edged with Agave that shoots its huge blue-grey barbed leaves upwards and downwards, a cruel, hostile plant like an iron cuttle-fish; and the ground between these paths is choked with dense growths, equally barbaric, of prickly pear, a medley of flat, oval, grey-green indiarubber pads, balanced one on the other at endlessly varying angles, every pad starred with bunches of bristles. The hilltop is a pale, hot, dusty brown, quite bare; and all these parched browns and greys and greens seem to be the visible colours of the foul tawny stench that fills all the meaner streets and alleys.

But with night all this is miraculously changed. The Albaicín loses all its turbulence and grossness, becomes mysterious, exquisite, other-worldly. Seen from above it is a glittering mound of white or yellow stars, and the white walls catch the lights and glow coldly like phosphorus among the black roof masses. From your perch above you look obliquely down into whitely gleaming patios, dwarfed by distance into fairylike models sculptured out of moonlight, each set in a frame of ebony. It is an antheap no longer; it has been transformed into a thing more romantically lovely than ever it was in the days of the Moors. And you gaze over the wall of the dark Plaza de los Aljibes, over the darkness of the gorge tingling with the softly hissing voice of the Darro, at those looming mounds of darkness starred with coldly-glowing sparks, honeycombed into cells of a cold incandescence, with that sense of awed wonder which comes when you pause in your earthly business to stare at the moon.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

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Vienna or Versailles ? *By Sir Charles Petrie*

Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

Poetry and Morality.

AN important problem in literary criticism is raised by the new biography of Verlaine : " Poet Under Saturn," by Marcel Coulon, translated and with an introduction by Edgell Rickword (Toulmin). Verlaine's life was so sordid and graceless, so lacking in intellectual or moral quality, that a vivid and truthful account of it—such as is given by M. Coulon—must force the reader to speculate on the relation between such a life and such poetry. The life is vulgar and cruel; the poetry is simple, honest, and so refreshing that its effect can best be suggested in Verlaine's own words :

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise. . . .
C'est l'heure exquise.

Those who are content to divorce beauty and morality, and to believe that there need be no relation between an artist's work and his moral nature, would find no problem here—or anywhere else, I should imagine, since their theory deprives life of meaning, and hence of perplexity. But for those who are less addicted to simplification, Verlaine's career raises a problem that should not be ignored.

In his introduction to "Poet Under Saturn," Mr. Rickword writes: "To say that if Verlaine had not been a poet he would have made no impression on his age, is not extravagant, I think; though it is almost unique in a poet of his rank." This sentence suggests the answer to the riddle of Verlaine. Had Verlaine been anything except a lyric poet, his weakness of character—and the intellectual flabbiness that accompanied it—would have defeated him. As it was, his behaviour undoubtedly diminished his productivity; but it did not impair the worth of what he wrote, for fortunately his good qualities included the two that are essential for a lyric poet: sincerity, and the capacity to be deeply stirred by the simple, fundamental moods and aspirations of man. The qualities that kill the roots of lyric poetry are cynicism, sophistication, and doubt—which explains the paucity of such poetry to-day.

Verlaine's life was a series of childlike (and perfectly sincere) fresh starts. For example, after some years of drunkenness and sodomy, he fell in love with an eminently suitable *jeune fille*, who loved him in return and whose parents were so unwise as to arrange a marriage. During the engagement, Verlaine was confident that his life and character were made over—effortlessly, miraculously, as only a child would expect. Therefore, he was able to write *La Bonne Chanson*, which contains some of the world's fairest poems of innocent love.

> Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été:
> Le grand soleil, complice de ma joie,
> Fera, parmi le satin et la soie,
> Plus belle encor votre chère beauté.

And when the marriage had come to its early, wretched end, and Verlaine had been put in jail for trying to murder his friend, Rimbaud, he had a religious conversion; and again he knew himself reborn, and again his childlike faith in the miracle enabled him to express it in splendid verse.

> Je ne veux plus aimer que ma mère Marie.
> Tous les autres amours sont de commandement.
> Nécessaires qu'ils sont, ma mère seulement
> Pourra les allumer aux cœurs qui l'ont chérie.

The repeated failure of these rebirths never bred cynicism in Verlaine. It never led him to deny all values, or to construct new, *bizarre* ones by which to justify his career. Between his fresh starts came periods of remorse and of yearning for lost innocence: *Ah'! les premières fleurs, qu'elles sont parfumées!* And again:

> Qu'as tu fait, ô toi que voilà
> Pleurant sans cesse,
> Dis, qu'as tu fait, toi que voilà,
> De ta jeunesse?

And accompanying all this was another childlike quality: the faculty for unspoiled enjoyment. "He was so fond of life," writes M. Coulon, "had such a capacity for enjoying it at every pore, that as soon as the unpleasantness was over he had lost all thought and memory of it." In other words, although Verlaine's vices unfitted him for society, for regular employment, for trust or responsibility, he was by no means lost. His moral nature was twisted and ill-developed; but it was the simple, unspoiled part of him that found expression in his best poetry. His career should not, therefore, be used (as it often has been used) to bolster the contention that beauty and truth and goodness are unrelated.

Poetry and Pessimism

AN analogous problem in æsthetics is raised by James Thomson's "The City of Dreadful Night," recently reprinted with an introduction by Mr. Edmund Blunden

(Methuen). Here is a philosophical poem that is slowly coming to be recognized as genuinely great, and yet which (if it were judged from a prose statement of its contents) would seem to be wholly evil, since it denies hope, goodness, God, and every affirmation on which society is founded. Verlaine, in spite of his hideous life, preserved hope and enthusiasm. *L'espoir*, he wrote :—

> est pareil au soleil qui se joue.
> Tout deux ont le pouvoir de créer des clartés:
> Quelques rêves divins pour les cœurs dévastés
> Et quelques reflets d'or pour les fleuves de boue!

But there are no *rêves divins*, and there is no hope, in the world of James Thomson. He asks the question :

> When Faith and Love and Hope are dead indeed,
> Can Life still live? By what doth it proceed?

And his answer is unencouraging :

> Take a watch, erase
> The signs and figures of the circling hours,
> Detach the hands, remove the dial-face;
> The works proceed until run down; although
> Bereft of purpose, void of use, still go.

The only comfort allowed the natives of that City of Night is the thought that—

> There is no God; no Fiend with names divine
> Made us and tortures us; if we must pine,
> It is to satiate no Being's gall.

Clearly, if this were a prose essay, it could not be called "good" without implying that the word, when applied to literature, has a different meaning than when applied to the rest of life. But because "The City of Dreadful Night" is poetry, it does not stand as a presentation of alleged "facts" about the world, but as an awful protest against one aspect of the life of man—an aspect that has grown steadily more menacing since Thomson wrote. That "City of Tremendous Night" is the poet's vision of all that is worst in our urban civilization. If it were presented with indifference or cynicism

—as it might be by a contemporary poet—it would, indeed, be evil. But it is presented with a horror and pity that implicitly assert every moral value that the lines explicitly deny. No native of one of the great world-cities of to-day can fail to have his awareness of what surrounds him made more sharp by this dolorous poem. There are parts of London through which it is not possible to walk without being reminded of the city where

> The mighty river flowing dark and deep,
> With ebb and flood from the remote sea-tides
> Vague-sounding through the city's sleepless sleep,
> Is named the River of the Suicides.

Thomson's pessimism was active and indignant; therefore, he could build it into a good poem; but this fact, again, gives no countenance to those who claim that goodness in art bears no relation to goodness in ethics.

The Return of Absolute Values

THE annual congress of philosophers, meeting recently at Reading, bore witness to the change that is taking place in modern thought, especially in regard to the question of the reality *vs.* the relativity of values. Almost every paper read to the congress proclaimed the existence of absolute values. One philosopher argued for the objective nature of goodness, another for that of greatness, another for that of beauty. Can it be that there is to come at last a stand against nihilism, a lull in the *trahison des clercs*?

The Ploughman Wends His Homeward Way*

By R. H. Mottram.

It is a sad thought that when we write the history of human persons or institutions it is because they have already passed away. The emergence, therefore, of the old handicraft agriculture as a subject for highly naturalistic fiction, or quasi-fiction-diary, probably marks the end of the small farm and the farmer as we have known them. The most recent and striking signs of the process have been the appearance, over and above a mass of debate, projected legislation and agitation of the anti-tithe and protectionist variety, of that live little magazine, the "Countryman," the novels of H. W. Freeman ("Joseph and his Brethren," "Fathers of their People"), and now the third of Adrian Bell's books, "The Cherry Tree." In this magazine, in these novels and prose recitals, the Farmer is, for the first time, the hero, in a sense that he never was in Hardy or Jefferies; the plot is Agriculture and the unities are the Farm and the farmer's almanac.

Yet, if the expression of the farm in letters is a warning that it has reached its final phase, we may all admire the robust and worthy nature of that expression. The Cherry Tree, whose fall is a symbol of the collapse of the orchard, perhaps more exactly than of the whole farm—for Mr. Bell is not the whiskered and buskined choleric man who used to elbow us off our cycles on market day twenty years ago, but a Londoner who took refuge in Suffolk—is a book that anyone might read for the beauty of its writing, though I did not do so myself. I would just as soon have had it without the considerable graces of which Mr. Bell's style is capable. We did not need these flowers at this particular funeral, much as we may admire them in themselves.

In those of us who know and understand from personal

* "The Cherry Tree," by Adrian Bell. Cobden Sanderson. 7s. 6d.

experience what he is talking about, the sentiment kindled by Mr. Bell's Farmer's Almanac (for that is what "The Cherry Tree" really is) is a regret too genuine to be comforted by mere beauty of recital that may woo us to believe that nothing particular has happened. On the contrary, the demise of the farm is the most fundamental, if the least spectacular, of the changes that make up the strange new scene confronting us in the twentieth century. It was the basis of all that old parochial-monarchical world. It has given way. The dairy farm, the highly scientific experimental farm, the farm kept going by dividends earned in industry (possibly at the other end of the world), eventually, perhaps, the State or big combine farm, may survive. But the self-contained, self-supporting, self-centred farm of anything up to three hundred acres, producing nearly all its own raw materials, doing its own repairs and renewals, or getting them done in the village, is closing down. And the farmer, jealous, limited, careful, incapable of understanding anything beyond the market town he visited once a week, incapable even of seeing the causes behind the fluctuations in that circumscribed area, determined only to keep prices up, labourers down, and the Squire and the Parson in the proper places (their business in life is to look after him), he, too, is departing before our eyes, putting his son into the bank, laying down his lands to grass, and sending his men to the Labour Exchange.

To say that it is a pity is rather futile, though Mr. Bell makes us feel that it is. But the impression the book leaves strongest on me is of our immense responsibility for the new society we have yet to evolve. Let us make no mistake—there is no short cut for us in England. We shall have to grow our new social-economic structure slowly, from below, as we grew the old one. It will be a long, hard, exacting process.

That is where Mr. Bell moves us, with his faithful and, to me, enthralling narrative. He shows us the dissolution of the foundation of the old order. Alas, it was so simple,

that quaintly primitive structure in which man was the Holy Saint or the Gallant Soldier, the Honest Tradesman or the Cunning Merchant (and woman was the Fayre Sex, or the Maidservant or else had to go into a convent; there was no place in that system for women who didn't fit its neat categories). And behind and below, feeding and supplying the whole, was the Farmer, emerging in England as nowhere else, from the peasant into the agriculturist. Tenniel canonized him in the John Bull of Punch. And now, as Mr. Bell so lovingly shows, his time has come.

As usual in such changes his strength was his downfall. However rough his hands, the farmer was a member of the directing classes. He had a dignity, a prestige, an appetite for sport, even a mild sort of culture. His horses and his dogs and his garden are still proverbial on the Continent. He was not a peasant. When it became evident that he could not compete with industry (because he could not possibly turn his money over twice in a year) nor rationalize his business (because of the limited size and odd shape of his holding), it became equally obvious that he could not sink back and live as the continental peasant does. So he is going out of business. The Cherry Tree falls to the ground and is not replaced.

To those to whom this conclusion is a blow, there may be some comfort in the reflection that the façade that hid (or obliterated) him so long has already gone. The Gallant Soldier perished on the Somme and was replaced by a mechanic with a spanner. The Holy Saint has taken off his halo, and gone into the laboratory or the study to lengthen and smooth our lives. The Fayre Sex has found a job. The problem remains—and this, I think, is the reaction Mr. Bell would prefer us to feel after reading his book, rather than mere admiration—what are we going to do? Are we going to let most of our arable land go out of cultivation? If not, can we by protection and subsidy and quota and rationalization lure back to it the small capitalist and entrepreneur that

the farmer was? Can we leave it to the smallholder, or create a properly-sanitated and part-time peasant class without the ignorance and exploitable helplessness that England will never stand? Or what? If Mr. Bell merely stimulated such discussion, he would deserve to be read. But he has done more. Read him and see.

Oracular Criticism

By Hugh Kingsmill.

MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS'S book on "The English Poetic Mind" (Oxford: 7s. 6d.) is apparently lucid and well-arranged, and single sentences in it are often both witty and acute, as when he says of Wordsworth's poetry: "There are strange and solitary forms appearing, on lonely roads, on moors, in cities; and somehow—as in certain antique legends—the poet never asks quite the right question." But the chief conclusions which he arrives at about the three principal figures in the book, Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, are obscure and strained; and the cause of this strain and obscurity is that Mr. Williams gives words a life and authority of their own, independent of the person who has uttered them and the context in which they are uttered. A poem to him is a collection of oracles, not the attempt of an individual to clarify his relation to life and the universe. Mr. Williams dislikes relating poetry to the poet who composed it. "Shakespeare," he writes, "may have been a neurotic or a philosopher, a commercial magnate or a spiritual ascetic, a tender friend or a Christian Shylock. Or all at once. He may even have been Bacon, or Oxford, or Burleigh, or Queen Elizabeth, or Archbishop Whitgift—we are concerned only with the poetry, by whomsoever it was written."

But if a usurer like Shylock, or a treacherous oppor-

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tunist like Bacon, were capable of writing Shakespeare's plays, the plays would cease to have any spiritual significance. Great poetry would interest us only as a trick, and its practitioners would be on a level with conjurers. The authority of great poetry does not reside in the words of which it is composed, but in the reader's intuition of the nature which these words express. The first step towards understanding a poet's work is to form an idea of his character from all available sources, the chief being the work itself, to which, when this idea is formed, one returns with a far clearer sense both of its strength and weakness. To dismiss the poet, and concern oneself only with the poetry, has a specious air of dignity and superiority to personal gossip. But in practice this separation of poetry from the poet obscures the most important truth about literature, that no man can put more virtue into his words than he practises in his life. Consider Victor Hugo's poetry apart from his character, and one may be persuaded to accept as genuine feeling his rhetoric about love and pity. But no one who is acquainted with Victor Hugo's character will be seduced by his marvellous language.

Mr. Williams reveals at times that his prejudice against relating the poetry to the poet is an embarrassment to him. Referring to Wordsworth's comparative failure with "The Excursion" and "The Prelude," he says that the cause is to be found "in his poetry, not in his personal life (with which this essay is not concerned) . . . his poetry could not sufficiently trust itself."

The last seven words of this quotation are a perfect expression of the fallacy that a man's poetry has an independent life of its own. Mr. Williams feels this, and adds a footnote: "To say that Wordsworth did not trust it (his poetry) is not sufficient. A man cannot write poetry by willing it." Wordsworth's failure, the note concludes, was "partly due to mortal things." But having gone as far as this, Mr. Williams becomes nervous, and retraces his steps in some alarm: "I prefer myself to think that his genius was right in the account which

it gave of the whole matter itself. For these reasons I have not discussed Annette." But it is just the inadequacy of Wordsworth's account of himself in "The Excursion" and "The Prelude" which Mr. Williams is lamenting, and this inadequacy is due to exactly the same attempt to make expression independent of experience which vitiates Mr. Williams's criticism. Wordsworth's experience included Annette, from the memory of whom he sought refuge in the elevated platitudes which are intended to veil his weakness, but actually veil his strength. Mr. Williams sees this himself when he writes that Wordsworth "came near to thinking that good intentions would write poetry for him."

With Shakespeare, unlike with Wordsworth, a critic need not recognize the man at all, if he does not wish to, Shakespeare's personal history, unless one finds it in his work, being practically unknown to us. Shakespeare is, therefore, an inexhaustible mine for the oracle-excavator, who can conjure as many profundities as he pleases out of phrases treated independently of the poet who conceived them. Coleridge was the first and greatest of oracle-hunters in Shakespeare. He has had many successors, down to Mr. Middleton Murry, a brilliant but uncertain critic, whose too frequent practice it is to dip the homely face of a platitude in phosphorus and turn it loose into the night to abash the simple-minded. Even when the oracle selected by a critic of this type is not a platitude, it loses all its natural force and meaning by the time the critic has ceased wringing esoteric significances out of it. Mr. Williams, for example, endeavours to erect the whole of his study of the English poetic mind on a single line in "Troilus and Cressida." "The following essays," he writes, "are based on two convictions: (1) that 'Troilus and Cressida' is of a great deal more importance in a study of Shakespeare than has generally been allowed; (2) that the central crisis of 'Troilus' is in direct poetic relation to the culminating crisis in Wordsworth's account of his own history." From these two convictions, he continues, he went on to consider

whether this Troilus-Wordsworth crisis might not be linked up with Milton's Satan and Keats's Nightingale, and contrasted with Tennyson's Lancelot.

The hat out of which Mr. Williams produces all these rabbits is Troilus' "Nothing at all, unless that this were she." Troilus has just discovered that Cressida is false to him, and says to Ulysses, in effect, that all womanhood is soiled by the infidelity of the woman he had had entire faith in. Ulysses remonstrates: "What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?" and Troilus replies, a little elliptically, "Nothing at all, unless that this were she."

"The crisis which Troilus endured," Mr. Williams comments, "is one common to all men; it is in a sense the only interior crisis worth talking about. It is that in which every nerve of the body, every consciousness of the body, shrieks that something cannot be. Only it is."

This is an adequate comment, and would appear appropriately in a study of the conflict in Shakespeare between his sense of ideal virtue and his realistic preception of human infirmity, in which conflict "Troilus" marks the most despairing stage. But Mr. Williams insists on linking up Troilus's horror over Cressida's treachery and Wordsworth's disgust with the English government for declaring war upon the French Revolution, quoting in his support the lines from "The Prelude":

> A sense
> Death-like, of treacherous desertion, felt
> In the last place of refuge—my own soul.

It would have been possible, Mr. Williams says, in his preface, to write five hundred pages instead of two upon the Troilus-Wordsworth crisis and its ramifications among poets other than Shakespeare and Wordsworth. Mr. Williams is quite right. A critic concerned with realities is limited by his theme: the oracular critic is limited by nothing but his human inability to go on for ever.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :—

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, MEMOIRS.

FURTHER LETTERS FROM A MAN OF NO IMPORTANCE. (Bles. 10s. 6d.)

INTIMATE LETTERS FROM TONQUIN. MARSHAL LYAUTEY. Translated by MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND. Introduction by V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR. (Bodley Head. 15s.)

THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC REVIVAL. W. J. SPARROW SIMPSON. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

LIFE OF LORD CARSON. EDWARD MARJORIBANKS. (Gollancz. 15s.)

HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. LEON TROTSKY. (Gollancz. 18s.)

THE FINANCIAL AFTERMATH OF THE WAR. SIR JOSIAH STAMP. (Benn. 6s.)

A LETTER FROM INDIA. EDWARD THOMPSON. (Faber. 5s.)

ASIATIC ASIA. S. K. DATTA. (Faber. 7s. 6d.)

CRITICISM.

THE DOOM OF YOUTH. WYNDHAM LEWIS. (Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.)

MUSIC IN LONDON, 1890–94. 3 vols. BERNARD SHAW. (Constable. 6s. each.)

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE. Edited by EARL LESLIE GRIGGS. 2 vols. (Constable. 37s. 6d.)

FICTION.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE. ANDRÉ MAUROIS. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

THE CASE IS ALTERED. WILLIAM PLOMER. (Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.)

THE ORCHID. ROBERT NATHAN. (Mathews & Marrot. 6s.)

MARRIAGE IN HEAVEN. RONALD FRASER. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

THRILLERS.

BRED IN THE BONE. EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.)

FORGET-ME-NOT. JOSEPH SHEARING. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

SERGEANT SIR PETER. EDGAR WALLACE. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

Private Journalism

THE JOURNALS OF ARNOLD BENNETT (1896–1910). Edited by NEWMAN FLOWER. (Cassell. 10s. 6d.)

ARNOLD BENNETT, the novelist, was never taken seriously enough by sensitive critics for him to run the risk of a reaction after his death. Consequently, these Journals will be enjoyed by the better sort of his admirers without a breath of demur from any quarter. They are exactly what we should expect from the writer of the novels, namely, a tissue of carefully observed fact, vividly recorded, but curiously superficial. His mind, his industry, and his style had the quality of a machine. He represented efficiency in fiction. The formula of Naturalism, which he adopted, suited him to perfection, but Naturalism is natural only to second-rate minds, and Arnold Bennett was superlatively second-rate. Interested himself in more than the surface of life, he yet contrived to give a superficial value to his more penetrating observations. We wonder how he could be so good without being very much better, until we recall that for all his observation and inventiveness he had not a spark of fine imagination in his composition. In a degree almost equal to that of Kipling, his touch jars. From first to last he remains the showman, because he is always outside his creations, which are constructed marvellously to represent life, but which do not live in art because their creator was no artist. "The Old Wives' Tale" itself is no more than a fine pair of photographs, and, to put it in the most generous terms, his work shows that every gift is mortal without the gift of poetry. This he lacked.

After reading these Journals, therefore, we know him no better than before, nor is there any reason to suppose that the repair of some necessary omissions would make the least difference. We know how he spent his time, how many words he wrote, with whom he dined, and stop with the alarming thought that perhaps there was nothing more to know about him! There is a certain joy in seeing his own zest for writing. His busy pen was hardly ever still, and his little pictures of a pair seen on an omnibus, of a stranger in a restaurant, his interest in a chance scene behind the curtain, are vivid thumbnail sketches, but the mind of the writer does not interest us because it is as prosaic as a photographic negative. He appears to have been no more than an educated man-in-the-street, and that which he shared with the multitude of his readers sufficiently explains his popularity. He thoroughly deserved his great success, but skill,

invention, and observation have little to do with art, for that which makes a book endure is imagination. In Bennett's style, whether in the novels or in these Journals, there is not a trace of charm, and just as it is impossible to return to "The Old Wives' Tale," so these Journals are no more than a private piece of daily journalism. Both belong to fact, than which nothing in literature dates more quickly.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Want, the Patron, and the Madhouse

JOHN CLARE: A LIFE. By J. W. and ANNE TIBBLE. (Cobden-Sanderson. 21s.)

MR. EDMUND BLUNDEN was responsible for the revival of interest in the life and work of John Clare, the poet-peasant of Northamptonshire, who enjoyed a brief summer of fame—if such damnable patronage as he endured can be called fame—at the time when Keats was dying of consumption. We might have expected that Mr. Blunden would complete his good work by writing the life of Clare. Instead, he has delegated the task to the present authors, who pay to him, in their preface, a most handsome tribute; and in their book, a still more handsome one. For the work is admirable. It is rich with scholarship and packed with material carefully and artfully arranged. It paints a picture, rather in the manner of the Norwich School and, therefore, most suitable to the figure in the foreground, of the English midlands where fen borders on woodland and Peterborough Cathedral stands to bless the encroachment. It shows the intimacies of that scene, evoking from a flat and apparently dull landscape the graceful corners, the heart-stabbing revelations of hedge-corner and horse-pond, barn-end and skyscape.

Then also it recreates the rural life in that setting at the time when the monstrous Enclosure Acts were beginning to inflict on the country folk cruelties and injustice unknown in any other part of Europe at that time, except in Russia. The young men of the villages, finding themselves without hope of agricultural work, roamed despairingly about, ending up in the towns, the militia, and the beer-houses.

Clare was one of them. A sensitive man of rare intelligence

and shrewdness, passionate and sensitive—as the portraits in this book suggest—he fought for the rudiments of scholarship against the handicap of brutal surroundings and starvation. His father was a thresher, and at the time when Clare, at the age of twenty-seven, published his first book, was stricken with rheumatism.

Thus, at a time when the prospect opened of a larger opportunity to develop his mind and his genius, Clare was dragged back into economic slavery. He made matters worse by getting a peasant girl with child and honourably marrying her. Being a poet of genius, and having an intense and intimate interest in nature, he loathed the drudgery of farmwork. But he had to carry on with it, even while he was a literary darling and paying occasional visits to London to be lionized, with his publisher, John Tayler, as impresario.

The authors show us the tragic consequences of this double strain: poetic excitement, with pursuit, winning, and love of fame on the one hand, exhausting manual labour on the other. The conflict ended in nervous exhaustion, and Clare, one of the most modest, sincere, and gifted of poets, a character comparable to the divine-natured Cowper, went to an asylum for thirty years. The story shows the seamy side of the Patronage System for the Arts, a system which many people, in our present recoil from the sticky hands of Democracy, often lament!

RICHARD CHURCH.

The Dardanelles Again

By Henry W. Nevinson

MILITARY OPERATIONS, GALLIPOLI. Compiled by BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. F. ASPINALL-OGLANDER. Maps and sketches compiled by MAJOR BECKE. Vol. II; May, 1915, to the Evacuation. (Heinemann. 15s.)

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DARDANELLES. By EDMOND DELAGE. With an Introduction by General SIR IAN HAMILTON. (John Lane. 7s. 6d.)

THE story of the Dardanelles campaign has been told several times by writers of high military and civil distinction, and it is no wonder that the event has attracted more attention than any other in the Great War. The campaign was a drama on the highest level of tragedy. It had a beginning, a middle, and an end, so that it could be regarded separately as a great incident in the war. And, like all great tragedy, it made a story of noble purpose

and noble endeavour thwarted by the movement of irresistible destiny and the unforeseen accidents by which destiny often works. The character of the chief actor in the drama was worthy of tragic tradition, and in the issue was involved the fate of many thousands.

The second volume of the official narrative has now been received, written by an officer who had the fullest right to describe the succession of events, the meaning of the almost incredible efforts, and the reasons of their failure. As a leading member of Sir Ian Hamilton's General Staff, Lieut.-Colonel Aspinall (as he then was) had the fullest possible information of the General's intentions, and the reasons why he was impelled to adopt one course rather than another, when, as sometimes happened, there was a choice between two or more possible lines. As, for instance, at the very beginning, even before the landings, it seemed uncertain where the main attack should be made. An attempt to cut the neck of the peninsula by storming the old lines at Bulair was so obvious that most laymen would have advocated it, and my clever and self-confident colleague, Ashmead Bartlett, was so disgruntled at Sir Ian's rejection of that obvious plan that he remained critical and captious throughout the campaign, and by his hostile representations to London largely contributed to the ultimate tragedy. But Liman von Sanders expected the attack at Bulair, and Napoleon's maxim says, "Never do what the enemy expects you to do."

Detail by detail General Aspinall-Oglander recounts the now familiar story, beginning in this volume with the renewed attempts to advance from Cape Helles to the capture of the deserted village of Krithia and the stubborn hill of Achi Baba; the gallant retention of their cliff summits by the Anzacs; and so the final, frustrated design of the great assault in August. That design failed mainly owing to the delay and inertia of the troops landed at Suvla, in spite of orders to hasten before dawn to occupy the line of hills commanding the bay, the Salt Lake, and the approach to the left flank of the Anzac forces advancing upon the supreme positions of Chunuk B and Sari Bair. The Corps Commander was satisfied with having landed his divisions, in great confusion, upon the beach; and the partially trained and inexperienced men were overcome with heat and thirst. By the evening of the second day—the fatal Sunday, the 8th—hardly any advance had been made. By a disastrous confusion of orders, Scimitar Hill, the most advanced point was then evacuated; a small and

most gallant company climbed the height of Tekke Tepe by night; but the surprise was over. The swarming Turks killed all but five.

The attempt of the Anzacs to storm the precipices above their position by night, through unknown and almost impassable ravines and prickly scrub, might possibly have succeeded if supported from Suvla. As it was, a small party of South Lancashires and Gurkhas actually reached the summit of Hill Q, and looked over to the Straits, only to be driven back by a salvo of shells, possibly from our own guns on the beach. But the failure at Suvla during those terrible hours of delay, in which I could walk about the shore and the Salt Lake as on a Bank Holiday, involved the failure of the whole design, and of the whole campaign. Few, except Sir Ian himself and Commodore Roger Keyes, had the heart to hope for success after those days. Whether the campaign ought then to have been abandoned will be disputed till the Great War is forgotten. But there can never be a question as to the amazing brilliancy of General Birdwood's scheme of the evacuation. As a German critic has said, "It was a hitherto unattained masterpiece."

The latest French critic, M. Edmond Delage, also gives the evacuation his highest praise: "British history affords no parallel to this operation." It is the more unfortunate that he (or his translator) always writes of Birdwood as "the Australian General," forgetting that Birdwood was already one of the most distinguished officers of the Regular Army. But the book is an interesting and, on the whole, accurate account of the campaign from the French point of view. Sir Ian writes a generous Introduction, making every allowance for French prejudice and love of glory. I am not sure what he would say to M. Delage's statement that "Kitchener, together with Churchill, was one of the chief authors—if not *the* chief author—of the catastrophe." Certainly Kitchener's hesitation and rapid changes of opinion were dangerous, and very embarrassing to the General on the spot; but one must take account of the enormous and continual pressure of the "Westerners" upon him at home, and Sir Ian's repeated demands for the essential reinforcements. As to Churchill, I hope Sir Ian would agree with me, though I was a mere spectator of the campaign, that Churchill's conception was the most brilliant strategic inspiration of the whole war. One must also remember the predominant part played by the "Easterners" in the end.

Vienna or Versailles?

METTERNICH. By ARTHUR HERMAN. (Allen and Unwin. 16s.)
THE PEACEMAKERS, 1814–1815. By J. G. LOCKHART. (Duckworth. 16s.)

THERE has long been a need for a book dealing with the subjects covered by these two volumes, and for this reason it is the more unfortunate that neither Mr. Herman nor Mr. Lockhart adequately supplies this want. The former, it must be confessed, is a dull writer, and the heaviness of his narrative is not relieved by his tendency to employ intransitive verbs in a transitive sense, or by the liberal use of such meaningless phrases as "dank decadence." Furthermore, Mr. Herman's accuracy leaves a good deal to be desired: the "Three Glorious Days," for example, were quite unexpected, and had not been prepared long in advance, as the author would have us believe; on page 83 we are told that the Czar wished to place the Duc de Berry on the French throne in place of Napoleon, but on page 86 the Russian candidate is said to have been the Comte de Provence, in other words, Louis XVIII, whose succession Alexander did everything he could to prevent; Canning became Foreign Secretary, not Prime Minister, in 1822; while the traditional French policy towards Austria was certainly not one of friendship (page 48).

Mr. Lockhart is more accurate, and he does not take liberties with the English language in a vain endeavour to render his meaning the more plain, but, with all that, it must be confessed that he writes more like a journalist than an historian, and he has nothing new to say. He is also a little too inclined to look for parallels between our own time and that with which he is dealing. Yet Mr. Lockhart's is an eminently readable volume, even if it does give credence to the old lie that Canning died in the same room as that in which Fox had passed away, and it can safely be recommended to those who have not the time to go to the bigger works on the settlement of Europe after the overthrow of Napoleon.

The inadequacy of these books is the more to be regretted in view of the extraordinary interest at the present time of the period which they cover. In 1919, the world's statesmen assembled at Versailles, and full of confidence in the magic virtues of the Parliamentary system, of nationalism, and of self-determination to create a new heaven and earth, they openly sneered at the work of their predecessors at Vienna a century before; they had fought the war which was to end wars, and their sole remaining task was to make the world safe for democracy. The result is

that to-day, nearly fourteen years after the last shot was fired, civilization is rocking on its foundations, and the only hope of salvation would appear to lie in undoing most of the work that was done at Versailles. In 1832, Europe had still twenty-two years of peace before her as a result of the settlement at the close of the long war, but he would be a bold prophet who would say the same of Europe to-day.

The reason for this contrast is not far to seek. The statesmen of 1815 were, with the possible exception of the Czar, realists, who were under no illusions as to the strain to which the whole fabric of civilization had been subjected by the conflict that had lately come to an end; they were not prone to see a "new dawn" in every revolt against authority and tradition; and they looked upon Europe as a whole. The consequence was that, largely through the inspiration of Metternich and Castlereagh, they established a balance which, with some modifications, lasted nearly a century, while by the generous treatment of France they avoided the embitterment of that country, and so the growth of a determination to disturb the peace settlement at all costs.

The Treaty of Vienna was negotiated, while the Treaty of Versailles was dictated, and in this fact lies another reason for their very different consequences. Mr. Lockhart is also so unkind as to compare the leaders of Europe in 1815 with those in 1919; Castlereagh with Lloyd George, and Talleyrand with Clemenceau. Only between Wilson and Alexander can any real resemblance be found, but whereas the Congress of Vienna could restrain the latter, the Conference of Versailles was quite unable to prevent the former from creating a score of difficulties for the post-war world.

In fine, although these two books are not what they might have been, they do serve to show how immeasurably superior was the settlement at Vienna (and, it may be added, at Utrecht) to that at Versailles. Vienna and Utrecht brought peace, whereas Versailles has but left us with a sword.

CHARLES PETRIE.

FOR HOLIDAY READING

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

The Taint

By Raymond Bantock

(Continued from page 189)

"I have terrible news for you both," he wrote at last. "I cannot return home, and I shall never be able to see you again!" And then he poured forth the whole story, or at any rate, nearly all. The only thing he omitted was an account of how he came to contract the disease. "One rubs shoulders with all and sundry in these parts," he wrote. "In Singapore and in other parts of the world where the vigilance of the authorities is lax, a number of unregistered lepers are allowed to wander about and are a source of infection to all who are unlucky enough to come into contact with them. I was unlucky. . . . You will not understand what leprosy is. Ask the doctor, and he will explain it all to you." And he went on to tell them of his discovery of the marks on himself, and of his incarceration in the isolation station. He explained how his hopes of release after six months had urged him to deceive them by keeping the news from them. "But now the time has come to tell you the horrible truth. I could not keep it from you any longer, even if I wanted to, for you would be bound to find it out." And in conclusion he wrote: "I cannot ask you to forgive me for the disgrace I have brought upon you and for the sorrow it will cause you both, my dear father and mother, for I am not worthy of your forgiveness. But I am your son, and you are the only friends I have in the world, and the only source of happiness I can ever have now is in thoughts of you. I kneel before you, tainted, humbled in the mire, unredeemably chained to it, without a shred of pride left, and I implore you not to cast me from your thoughts altogether, but to go on writing to me every week as you did before, letting me know all the home news, and I will continue writing to you and telling you about the life here as long as I am able to."

He sent off the letter on the weekly mail steamer.

If only he had contracted the disease in some other way, he would have felt happier. But the weakness of yielding to a passing lust was, in his eyes, so horrible, so shameful, especially if revealed to his parents, that he felt that he could never look either them or the world in the face again. If only he could have suffered like a martyr in the clutch of some fate thrust upon him through no fault of his own, he could have borne his head high. But he was guilty. His spirit was broken. He felt sure that his parents, if they ever wrote to him again, would question him very closely as to how he contracted the disease. It would be that point in particular they would dwell upon. "But how, oh—how did you come to get it?" would be the refrain. And he would have to tell them in the end. Then the last veil covering his utter shame would be torn away.

He knew he would have to wait at least two months before receiving an answer. It was another two months of suspense during which he wrote home every week describing something of what he saw going on around him, and his method of life, but he omitted many of the more sordid details. . . .

The more he looked about him and realized what was going on, the more he withdrew within himself. Around him the lepers lived and enjoyed themselves as if each day was their last. All restraint was gone. Their life was one long hectic and intense struggle for enjoyment. Games, races, and sports of all kinds were indulged in every day as a matter of course. The men brewed themselves a coarse wine which they imbibed freely; unhumanly defaced women decked themselves out with flowers and abandoned themselves, with songs and laughter, to dancing and other forms of amusement. But to these moribund people, the greatest delights of all were the consolations of love, which were indulged in freely, promiscuously, wantonly, on every side, even to the last stage of decay and the last gasp of life!

But saddest of all to Turner was the case of the babies that were born. Nearly all the children of lepers are pure or " clean " when they are born, and at birth they were at once taken from their mothers and placed in a special observation nursery, where they were looked after and fed by non-leprous members of the hospital staff, never afterwards being allowed to come into any sort of contact with the lepers. At one side of the nursery there was a glass partition through which the parents were allowed to look and see their child during the first two or three months of its life only, but no care s was possible. And if the babies were found to be " clean " after this time, they were removed to Honolulu and placed in homes provided for them by the State, where they were cared for and educated until they were old enough to earn their livings as ordinary human folk. It was a pathetic sight to see some of the mothers gazing through the glass window at their little babes, wrenched away from them in the hour of birth, babes whom they had never been allowed to clasp in their arms even for a single moment, and whom they would soon lose for ever, long before they were old enough to recognize their mothers or show any feeling of human kindness!

Turner would often wander down to this enclosure. He loved to feast his eyes on those infants who were so soon to escape into the world of life and health. Strange to him as was his leaving of that world for this new terrible half-way house between life and death, equally strange was the going out again of these children as if in exchange for those who came in. There was a kind of wild justice in it; and it seemed to him when looking at them that he had grown nearer than ever before to the understanding of those profound mysteries that lie

for ever hidden in the secret heart of Nature, of God, or of whatever you may call the powers above us.

The two months had gone by and Turner could hardly conceal his anxiety as the weekly mail boat came in bringing, as he thought, his parents' reply to his fatal letter. But there was nothing for him. This was the first time since he had left home that he had not received a letter from one or other of them. They must know the truth now, and the result was silence, devastating silence.

He did not dare to wonder what had happened, but waited in an agony of suspense for the next mail, and this brought a letter from his father, a short, tragic letter, explaining that his old mother on hearing the terrible news had at first refused to believe it, and after having accepted it, had completely collapsed, and was still unable to write to him owing to profound prostration. He wrote :—

" We are both completely unable to understand the terrible blow that has befallen us and why Fate has singled us out like this. Life does not seem to have any purpose or reason for us now, for we were living only in the hope of seeing you again and of handing over to you the farm, the fruit of our labours, for your enjoyment and benefit. We are too old to go on working it ourselves. I wish to God we had never let you leave us. We made a fatal mistake and now must suffer for it. We are to blame, not you, for what has happened, for we allowed you to go away from us. We will write to you, of course, dear boy, every week as before, but what is there to write of now that you are not coming back? What is there to live for? What is there to do? I don't know. We must think."

A week later he received a letter from his mother in the same strain.

After that he continued to hear from them every week, and the arrival of the mail was still the one event that mattered most in life to him. He did not hesitate to tell them so when he wrote; but as time went on he began to notice a growing despondency in their letters. They became shorter and more disjointed. The old people had now both passed their seventieth year and were evidently growing feeble with distraction. They did not seem to know what to write. In one letter his mother said :—

" I really don't know what to do with your poor old father now. He seems to have lost all interest in life, and his health is breaking up. He stays all day in bed, and I have to do what I can to keep things going. May God have mercy on us ! "

A few weeks later, when the mail boat arrived, there was nothing for Turner. He feared a calamity, but did not dare to think what it could be.

The following week he received a momentous letter from his mother.

" We have not been able to bear it any longer," she wrote. " We have decided to come and see you at Mindelai. We should like to settle down in Honolulu, but we simply cannot afford it. We have

sold up the farm and have just enough money for the return journey. When we come back to England we shall be able to draw our old age pensions, and your father's cousin has kindly offered to let us spend the rest of our days with him. By the time you receive this we shall be on our way. We shall travel third class *via* America by easy stages."

Turner's heart almost stood still as he read the letter. He read it over and over again, hardly able to believe it. "So I shall see you both again, my dear father and mother! I shall see you again!" That was his foremost thought, and for a time it blotted out everything else, and his joy knew no bounds.

Later he began to think of other things. What would they do when they arrived? They would be obliged to wait in Honolulu, and they would only be allowed to see him when the monthly visitors' boat came over to Mindelai. And the boat only stayed for one hour. They would have to return with it to the mainland, and then—return all the way home. And he pictured these two old people who had hardly ever travelled out of their county, much less out of England, undertaking this great journey, this great adventure at the end of their lives, for thousands of miles over land and sea . . . and all to see him for one short hour. What would they say to each other in that hour down on the landing-stage, through the glass partition? He would see them only and hear them speak, but he would not be able to clasp them in his arms or even touch them! And then they would have to return to England and he would never see them again!

There was one consoling thought. There were two of them. They would have each other's company, these dear old people. They would lean and rely on each other from day to day through the long hours of the journey, the tossings on the waves, the troubled nights, the strange, terrifying experiences of ocean travel, the jarring clash of towns and trains. He could hardly bear to think otherwise of these two simple, frail, old folk, white-haired, in the midst of all this, and bowed down by a great sorrow, with one thought, one hope, their minds set on one short hour!

Not long afterwards a sad letter arrived from his mother saying that they had reached New York, but that his father had been taken seriously ill there, and that they could not proceed any further for the time being. He was in a hospital there.

A week later his mother wrote to say that his father had died in New York and that she had buried him there.

"The journey was too much for him," she wrote. "Your name was on his lips when he died. I am coming on to see you alone."

It was a shattering blow to Turner. He would never see the old man again, and it was all due to him. There was only one hope left now—his mother. He dared not think of her—alone, of what she must be going through, of what would happen to her afterwards! He waited in agony for the days to pass.

Then he received a telegram to say that she had arrived at Honolulu and was awaiting the monthly visitors' boat.

At last the day dawned when she was to come to Mindelai. That morning he was up early and eagerly made his way to the summit of a cliff overlooking the sea, hours before the boat was due. At last it came in sight, a little black speck on the horizon, and on board the last thing that he loved in the world. He rushed down to the landing-stage to the specially appointed room where he was to be allowed to speak to her. Close to the side of it was a private swing gate through which only officials, lepers entering the island for the first time, and those who had special permission to visit the interior of the island, were allowed to pass.

The boat arrived. There was his mother among the crowd, a little white-haired old woman of seventy! He saw her through the glass partition. He waved to her. She did not see him yet. She hobbled up the pebbled path, jostled by an eager crowd. Then she came to the other side of the partition and saw her son.

"There you are!" she cried, and beat her arms against the glass.

"Mother!" was all he could say. "Mother!"

"Wait a minute." she said and disappeared into the crowd.

Turner wondered where she had gone. He went out to look through the iron railings, and suddenly saw that his mother, taking advantage of the crowd and confusion, had somehow managed to make her way through the private swing gate admitting to the interior of the island. She came running up to the place where he stood.

"My boy, my darling boy!"

"Don't touch me mother," cried Turner. "For God's sake, don't touch me!"

But she did not take any notice and, running closer to him, caught hold of him, crying:—

"What does it matter? What does it matter? I have you at last, my boy. I shall become a leper and live with you here for always. I have nothing else but you now! My boy, my boy!"

And she folded him in her arms.